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Reading and the mind

John Francis
Xavier O'Connor

Reading and the mind

READING AND THE MIND

WITH SOMETHING TO READ

(ELEVENTH THOUSAND)

BY

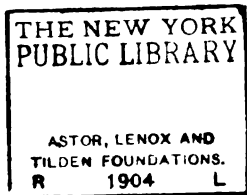
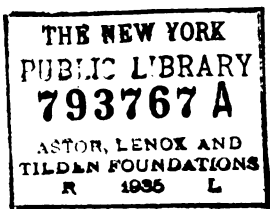
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SIXTH EDITION
(REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

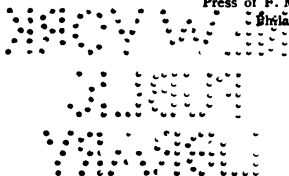
JOHN JOSEPH McVEY
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1903



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PREFACE TO THE SIXTH EDITION

IT is with grateful appreciation of the courtesy of many kind readers and good friends that this sixth edition is printed. Not a few have been pleased to say it was a guide, of the kind they had been seeking, and had proved of no little help. The author has not found reasons sufficient to change the principles, ideas or judgments of the former editions, and it is in the hope that it may be helpful to some new readers and to supply an existing demand that this edition is now issued.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE kind welcome extended to this book by all classes of readers is a proof that it goes home to the human heart. The work is substantially a list of the English authors, an acquaintance with whom is imperatively demanded in those readers who would aspire to the title of English scholars. Under well-selected heads are given the names which have illustrated in prose or in verse the great tongue which is fast gaining supremacy among the languages of the world; and if golden leisure hours but come to one in moderate store, he can fill them up with treasures drawn from the sources which this little book will indicate, at the same time running no risk of wasting time in gathering dross or garnering poison. Often are

Preface.

teachers, parents, and friends asked by those who take guidance from them, "What shall I read?"

This work will answer the question, an important one, as all know, for, to quote a line from the pages before us: "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read."

Though it would be far too much to presume that all herein outlined has been accomplished, yet to do so was indeed the aim and ardent wish of the writer. Should this book induce one young mind to undertake a profitable course of reading, its work will have been done.

LETTER FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN
TO THE AUTHOR.

October 3. 1884.

THE REV. FR. J. F. X. O'CONOR, S. J.

Dear Rev. Father : I thank you cordially for your letter and your pamphlet. It is of course very pleasant to receive such testimony in my favor from one who is so far removed from me as to be able to claim impartiality. And I have that great opinion and respect for the Society of Jesus, that the good word of a member of it is most acceptable to me.

Our respective countries so differ from each other that what I am going to say is, perhaps, out of place ; but in England I should have some misgiving lest the generous praise you bestow on

Letter from Cardinal Newman to the Author.

what I have written should lead in some quarters of the literary world to a reaction against it. In my past life I have found that some of my best benefactors were those who abused me, and by abusing raised a feeling in my favor; while those who spoke out boldly their liking for what I was saying or doing raised a contrary feeling which was adverse to me. I should not be surprised to be told that this is *not* the case of America, but I have thought it worth while to mention it to you.

Excuse my stiff writing, which is the trouble of old age.

Begging your good prayers for a very old man,
I am,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

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READING AND THE MIND.

CHAPTER I.

DIFFICULTY OF A CHOICE.

WHAT shall I read? Round about me lies a world of reading, but I do not know where to begin. I feel that I must choose wisely, for time is so short that moments spent on ill-chosen books are threads cut from the web of a useful life.

How, then, shall I choose? What are the books that will teach me to think nobly and to write well?

I long for a guide to lead me through a short but useful course of literary reading which, in my young days, may so form my taste that in later

life there may lie stored up for me the joy of a cultivated mind.

Not few are those who must look back with regret to hours that could have been freighted with learning, but no one was near to answer for them these questions. And the hours went by and the men grew with the years, but the time of the golden harvest was gone and the grain of those years must remain forever uncut.

To answer just such a yearning this little book was written, and is now dedicated to the young, strong intellects of our land, that in their fresh vigor need but to know the good and the right in order to love it and make it their own.

We must choose those books which will teach us the right in principle and the good in taste.

There is much reading done in our day, and yet the topics treated are those which demand a sound judgment to discern the false from the true. Many recent writers have a graceful style without right principles, and, moreover, they lack, as Cardinal

Newman observes, "that individuality, that earnestness, most personal and yet most unconscious of self, which is the greatest charm of an author."* Under cover of beautiful language they spread abroad before the reading world the theories of their warped fancies, whether of history, religion or philosophy.

We find these theories embodied in romances, essays and poems, and with such masterly skill are they interwoven that one must needs pause, if he would not be led by a persuasive writer to view as plausible, opinions which, though startling and attractive, are utterly false. We must find a guide in this wilderness of thought—if it be but a thread—and while dwelling briefly on the necessity of reading, and of reading literature properly so called, it is important to lay still greater stress on the necessity of having one who will be, as it were, a friend among the authors we take for constant perusal. If we form our minds to truth and

* Newman. *Idea of a University.* p. 229.

literary taste upon real masters we shall then be able to derive principles which will help us to direct for ourselves all the rest of our reading. But here precisely lies the difficulty. Who are those who will guide our thoughts aright?

Before referring to the authors of our time, it will be profitable to consider how a nation or century may stamp a character on succeeding ages; how an author may influence his readers, and how the false principles of a writer may bear their fruit in the minds of those who live after him, while the good "may be interred with his bones."

Who, then, have educated the mind of man in the past? Who are the writers that have built up literature? Who, to-day, are the real sustainers of thought?

CHAPTER II.

INFLUENCE OF GREEK THOUGHT.

THERE is a fact of history which stands before us firm and solid, and, however much we may be so inclined, we cannot thrust it aside. It is the influence of the literature of earlier nations upon our own.

The people which had the most prominent part in this work was the nation of the Greeks, to whom, we are told by eminent minds, the education of the intellect of man* was intrusted by Divine Providence, so that, when the time should come for the spiritual training of his soul, the less noble work of intellectual advancement would not interfere with the Divine teaching.

What a nation the Greeks were in intellectual

* Gladstone. *Primer of Homer.* p. 140. Jebb, *Greek Lit.*

grandeur, and what a language was theirs! "The world," says Cardinal Newman,* "was to have certain intellectual teachers, and no others; Homer and Aristotle, with the poets and philosophers who circle round them, were to be the schoolmasters of all generations," and "Homer was invested with the office of forming the young mind of Greece to noble thoughts and bold deeds." But his work did not cease with those young minds. His words lived when the Grecian heroes who had learned them lay stretched silent on the battle plain, or when their ashes were mingled with those of the funeral pyre on which they were burned.

"The Greek language," writes Mrs. Browning,† "was a strong intellectual life, stronger than any similar one which has lived in the breath of articulately speaking man and survived it. No other language has lived so long and died so hard, pang by pang—yielding reluctantly to that doom of

* Newman. *Idea of a University*. Classical Lit.

† Mrs. Browning. *Essays on the Greek Poets*. p. II.

death and silence which must come at last to the speaker and the speech.

“Wonderful it is to look back fathoms down the great past! thousands of years away—where whole generations lie unmade to dust—where the sounding of their trumpets and the rushing of their scythed chariots and the great shout which brought down the birds stone-dead from beside the sun, are more silent than the dog breathing at our feet, or the fly’s paces on our window pane; and yet from the heart of that silence we feel words that rise up like smoke—words of men, even words of women, uttered at first, perhaps, in ‘excellent low voices,’ but audible and distinct even to our times. * * * It is wonderful to look back and listen!”

And to-day the voice of Homer in his great epic, the *Iliad*, is still heard. His tones, with that enduring vitality of his nation, rise, clear and strong, above the hush of the past.

And as we go down the hill of ages, the *Æneid*

of Virgil seems but a woodland that sends us back the echo of the Iliad reversed, the first part of Virgil's work containing the last part of Homer's, and the beginning of the Iliad supplying the close of the Æneid.

Thus Greek thought moulded the Latin mind, but the onward march of Homer's intellect is not yet brought to a halt. The inspiration of the great Catholic Dante was drawn from Virgil, whom in person Dante took as his guide through the wild gloom of the Inferno. From all three, Homer, Virgil and Dante, Milton gathered materials for his *Paradise Lost*, and thus we see how one of the great stones in the pyramid of English thought comes indirectly from a Grecian source.

In a similar way we may trace the course of the lyric poem from Pindar down through Horace to the lyrics and melodies of Gray, Keats, Shelley and Moore.

If, as an observant writer has said, "the first inventors of any art are among the greatest bene-

factors of their race," how great is our indebtedness in literature to the Greeks, and especially to Homer. "The bold step which they take from the unknown to the known, from blank ignorance to discovery, is equal to many steps of subsequent progress." *

"The commencement," says Aristotle, "is more than half the whole." This is a sound judgment, and it will be well that we should bear it in mind during the glance we are about to take at the language and literature of the Greeks, and at their value and influence in relation to the literature which followed. "The child is father of the man," both in the individual and the species; and the human race at the present day lies under infinite obligations to the genius and industry of early ages.

The influence of the Greek mind on modern thought is everywhere felt and is growing more and more visible. But, as in Greek thought there

* Rawlinson. *Ancient Monarchies*. Vol. I. p. 60.

was the higher and the lower element, so have we in our day some writers who cull from it what was noble and others who gather what was base. These latter, taking what their depraved tendencies have urged them to seek and coloring it with a degraded pencil, pass it upon the world as the ideal of Greek thought and Greek art.

The ideals of the Greeks, even in their ignorance of things supernal, in their passion, and with the distorted remnants of truth to which they clung, were lofty. We have but to think of Homer, Sophocles and Plato to be convinced of this.

All that has been called Greek thought, however, is not such. Two streams come from the same source, but their current is not the same. If we look upon the map of Turkey in Asia, we shall see that the melted snows on the summit of the mountain range near Mount Ararat supply the waters of those two mighty streams, the Tigris and the Euphrates. But how different the course of the two rivers! The Tigris, as travellers tell

us,* flows almost directly south in a clear, deep stream, while the Euphrates takes a northern, western and, finally, southern course, but in a shallow, zigzag bed, frequently bursting its banks and bringing ruin to life and property by its destructive floods.

Such are the two lines of Greek thought, both come from the snowy regions of the past; one keeps its pure refinement, the other is sullied by its own extravagance. In Homer we find the thought yet unsullied by modern dregs, though pagan in its morality; but when we come to such men as Swinburne, Rossetti and their nameless school, it is the Greek sensualist that appears and not the noble type of Homer, or of Sophocles in his *Philoctetes* or *Antigone*.

What a picture Homer has drawn for us of pure family affection and unswerving adherence to duty. At the gates of the city, before the battle, stood Hector and Andromache. She speaks:

* Rawlinson. *Ancient Monarchies*. Vol. I. p. 6.

"Hector, thou art father and dear mother to me, and brother and my youthful spouse besides.* In pity, keep within the fortress here, nor make thy child an orphan, nor thy wife a widow. A happier lot were mine, if I must lose thee, to go down to earth, for I shall have no hope when thou art gone—nothing but sorrow." But Hector, "great in war," answered: "I should stand ashamed before the men and long-robed dames of Troy were I to keep aloof and shun the conflict coward-like. Not thus my heart prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare and strike among the foremost sons of Troy, upholding my great father's name and mine." Then taking his infant son, who shrank from the nodding plume of his helmet, he prayed: "O Jupiter and all ye deities, vouchsafe that this my son may yet become among the Trojans eminent like me, and nobly rule in Ilium. May they say this man is greater than his father was."

* Homer. Bryant's Translation. Book VI. l. 551.

What in literature could be more beautiful than this simple picture? What more touching than the sisterly affection and self-sacrifice of the sad Antigone of Sophocles?

When Polynices, her brother, was killed, she buried him with her own hand, and for this act of a sister's love was entombed alive. In reply to the king who asked how she dared disobey his laws, she said: "Neither the gods nor justice established such laws, and not through fear of any man would I violate the laws of the immortals. I know I must die—and why not?—even though you had not proclaimed it; and if I die before my day I count it gain. For one who lives, like me, in sorrow, is it not a gain to die? The sorrow of such a fate is nothing; but had I suffered him who was born of my mother to lie in death an unburied corpse, then should I have grieved, but for this my doom I do not grieve." *

This noble spirit of Antigone—her sublime rev-

* Sophocles. Antigone.

erence for principle and for the laws of the gods above the laws of men—is it not worthy of its place in the records of nations as, apart from the deeds of saints, one of the highest examples of womanly heroism?

Such writers as Homer and Sophocles were the educators of the Greek mind, and their thoughts have helped to mould the noble minds of later days. To such men as these, and “to the poets of all time,” to Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, our minds must turn if we would form our taste and judgment.

Do not say, “Of what use to dwell on these? To some at least among us they are out of reach.” Not altogether so. Our American poet, William Cullen Bryant, has brought to us the treasures of Homer’s Greek thought, wrapped in the richness of elegant English verse. The Sophocles of Plumptre, the Virgil of Conington and the Dante of Longfellow open up a still broader view of the classic past to many who else may find themselves

shut out from all thought but that of our English writers.

Four of the "grand old masters," Homer, Sophocles, Virgil and Dante, translated by Bryant, Plumptre, Conington and Longfellow, are spread before our eyes. Their thoughts are ours if we will make them ours. These four, though but rays of light from the past, would be a life study, a profitable and a noble one.

But coming down to our own times and to English writers, we find ourselves obliged to pass by, with reluctance, Germany with her *Niebelungen Lied*, her Klopstock and her Schiller; France with her Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, Montalembert, Fénelon, De Maistre; Spain with her Calderon de la Barca, Lope de Vega and Cervantes, and must perforce, for the present, shut out from our view these magnificent fields, that we may find time to explore, however imperfectly, the regions that are nearer to us in time, space and language.

CHAPTER III.

INFLUENCE OF WRITERS OVER READERS.

THE field of English reading is so vast and broad that it is hopeless, within our limited space, to do more than suggest a very few authors. Even in these few we must be defective. No human writer has ever yet combined a faultless style with thoughts that are blameless in truth, philosophy and faith. We do not hope for the coming of such a writer. Our aim, then, will be to choose those who, all things considered, as literary teachers are least open to objection.

In the beginning it was stated that there is necessity of a prudent choice in the authors we take as our guides. Why so? The reason is because English literature is not Catholic; and yet, if Catholics ought to hold, as they should and will

hold, a high literary position, English literature must be familiar to them.

"Certain masters of composition," Newman tells us,* "as Shakespeare, Milton and Pope, the writers of the Protestant Bible and Prayer Book, Hooker and Addison, Swift and Goldsmith, have been the making of the English language; and as that language is a fact, so is the literature a fact by which it is formed and in which it lives. * * * Whether we will or no, the phraseology and diction of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Pope, of Johnson's 'Table Talk,' and of Walter Scott have become a portion of the vernacular tongue."

Even if English literature may have been Protestant, there still remains for Catholics, as Cardinal Newman once more reminds us, "the duty of cultivating English literature."

Would it be untrue or unkind to say that Catholics have not attended to literature as much as they should? If this neglect comes from a

* Newman. University Lectures.

care of the more necessary, the more important and higher duties of life, there is no blame to be attached, but rather the highest praise is due to those who have so true an idea of their obligations. But is not real literature oftentimes spurned for trash?

Time that could be employed in enriching a bright intellect is spent in wasting its energies. The most sensational and useless authors, from the writers of dime novels to Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, will be devoured, but meantime the great masters of English thought will be ignored and even their very names be unknown.

"Cardinal Newman," says a recent writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, "would imbue the minds of laymen and clergy alike with the varied and masterly literature of Greece; but if he would willingly imbue them with this ancient and pagan lore, how much more with the patristic Greek of Irenæus, Origen, the Cyrils of Alexandria

and Jerusalem, Basil, Chrysostom and Athanasius." *

And for us, if it is our duty to have a knowledge of the great masters of the past ; if it is our duty, as it certainly is, to cultivate English literature in the present, it is a still higher and more sacred duty that our reading should be directed by such men and guided by such principles that the search for the treasure of knowledge may not make us lose the far more precious treasure of faith.

Where mere literary judgment is concerned each should use the light of his own intelligence, but where there enter the question of faith and the eternal law of right and wrong an upright conscience must be a light to the intelligence.

Richard Grant White lays down a principle. "Throw the commentators to the dogs," says he, in speaking of Shakespeare, "and read the author himself. Don't take any man's notes. Don't take mine."

* *American Catholic Quarterly*, October, 1882.

This principle in literary reading is good, if it were supposed that all who read have their minds formed to eternal truths, and may not be influenced by wrong or given a bias that may endanger their happiness here and in the life to come. For us it is all important to read those authors who will strengthen us with truth before exposing our minds to the weakening shocks of error.

CHAPTER IV.

FALSE PRINCIPLES IN READING.

THERE are men who tear down, but who build up nothing. They sweep away with their pen the most sacred beliefs and plan nothing in their place that can satisfy a soul that has a spark of reason. "We must not worship God, but heroes and men," they tell us, "and not according to what has been revealed and taught, but according to our whim or fancy or, better yet, not at all." Nature is God, Man is God, Passion is God, or there is no God.

And thus in many ways the fountains of literature have been poisoned, according as the mind of the writer has been turned away from truth and right.

Under cover of a spirit of liberality—intellectual

freedom—freedom to use against the Maker that intellect which is His gift—are disguised thoughts against the divine teachings of our religion.

There is a quiet stab in the dark at the submission of our minds to that of God, a sneer at our love for the Mother of God, or a smile at our belief in the sacraments instituted by our Divine Redeemer.

Our poetry, as our prose, is tainted with Pantheism and Atheism, and more recently with the manifold developments of Materialism, Rationalism and Agnosticism. All this is yearly developing and parading itself in our literature.

But how is it that many well-meaning persons are misled, fascinated and almost totally ruined in mind by such theories? Let us think for a moment. A young man is told by some one for whom he has respect that a certain author, for instance Macaulay or Gibbon, is a master of style—a beautiful writer. What happens? He opens the book and, carried away by the charming flow

of language and happy combination of thought, is filled with admiration and brought completely under the influence of the writer.

Such influence will be still more irresistible in a powerfully written novel or in a poet who has stirred up a transient "craze." The sympathies of the author become for a time those of the reader; the hearts of writer and reader beat in unison.

Should the author's mind be one tainted by unsound principles, darkened by unhappiness or passion—should it be filled with an embittered spirit against truth—then consciously or unconsciously the mind of the writer will color his work, and the mind of the reader will reflect it; and, if not on his guard, thoughts which at first seemed to the reader too shocking to dwell upon may afterwards be deemed true and becoming, and his former judgment an exaggeration and bigotry, or rigorism.

He will grow more liberal—and by this, too often, is meant that he withdraws his heart from allegiance to his God and to his Church—from

those to whom he owes much, whose thoughts are noble and good and faithful to what is right—and goes over to the ranks of the enemy.

In sympathy and in conduct he sides with a man of whom he knows nothing, who has no claim to his affections or to his reverence or to his life, and thus, through weakness or fancy, he abandons the teachings of his childhood, the practice of well-doing, and becomes false, a traitor to truth and to duty.

What, then, is to be done? Must we, because of the evil to be feared, leave undone the good? Are we to read none of the English classic authors? Far from that. No such proposition has been laid down. It is precisely because of the evil to be avoided that we need the guidance of the good.

There has been no special reference made to Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Dryden, Pope, Coleridge, Lamb, Goldsmith, Gray, for these are English literature; but we have been trying to make clear the necessity of a guide, that in our reading we may not fall into error.

Such a mind as Newman's will be the one to instil solid principles, to teach true thought, to guard us against errors, sophisms and false views, to give firmness to the mind, and at the same time impart a true taste for real literature.

We should read first those authors who will give us a true appreciation of our own holy religion, so that when we see a Godless theory, or when we meet with a scoff or a sneer—and in a worldly world we shall often meet it—we may feel rejoiced in the thought that we possess such a precious treasure as our holy faith, and that for it all the treasures of literature, science and philosophy could give but a poor exchange.

There is something needed to counteract the wrong in the literature of our day. It may not be as gross as that of other days, but it is more subtle and more dangerous, especially the more cleverly managed flauntings of Rationalism, Agnosticism and Theosophy.

They appeal to what is so dear to the heart of

man, intellectual pride ; or, to what is more flattering to his inclinations, the higher coloring in literature and art. They tell man that to be great, reason is enough ; he does not need faith and even degrades himself by submitting to the teachings of the Almighty ; that art and literature can get along quite well without either a moral law or a God.

Much of this is the natural flow of the torrent when the flood-gates of evil are unbarred by what is called a liberal spirit.

This liberal spirit stops nowhere. We must be liberal and large-minded, but there is a limit, or a man will find his mind so widened that it will be the fenceless field where wild cattle of every sort may enter to rove and trample without let or hindrance. Then is the heart left no longer a fair field, but a barren waste. He will end by accepting the greatest outrages to truth, morality and religion without any, even internal, protest of dissent.

If the greatest principles that ought to govern

man's inner life as well as his external actions are deemed prejudices—or, at most, truths which may be accepted or rejected at will—if there is no internal protest of the reader that such ideas are wrong, what will be the result? If we turn to Cardinal Newman we shall find no uncertain expression of his estimation of this so-called liberalism.

“Turn away from the Catholic Church, and to whom will you go?” he asks. “It is your only chance for peace and assurance in this turbulent, changing world. There is nothing between it and scepticism, where men exert their reason freely; in the long run it will be found that either the Catholic religion is verily and indeed the coming-in of the unseen world into this, or that there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we are going.

“Unlearn Catholicism, and you become Protestant, Unitarian, Deist, Pantheist, sceptic in a

dreadful but infallible succession ; only not infallible by some accident of your position, your education or of your cast of mind."

Such is his thought to those who seek outside of Catholic truth for happiness or greatness, even greatness of mind.

When we are strong in the principles of faith much that otherwise would be injurious cannot harm us. We cannot reject literature even if it contained what is less true and less right, but we can and we ought to guard against its evils.

It is not Catholic, as Cardinal Newman has told us, and we can never effect that it shall have been other than non-Catholic.

This was said years ago, but since that time we have had men springing up who make literature famous for its Catholic writers. Thanks to Cardinal Newman, we may now say that one of the greatest writers that ever penned an English line was a Catholic.

Recalling the words of Richard Grant White, we

might say to the reader: Don't take our ideas, though as far as lay in our power we have tried to verify them according to the principles upon which we propose them to you—don't take them until, after having read the authors, you bring to bear upon them the light of your own Catholic mind.

In our day there is a great deal of superficial criticism, a great deal of sham admiration for literature by people who have read very little. The authors here proposed are those approved by our own reading, and though the tastes of many may differ from ours, the suggestions offered are given only after serious consideration.

CHAPTER V.

MASTERS IN PROSE—NEWMAN AND RUSKIN.

THE two prose-authors that we would choose are John Henry Newman and John Ruskin.

Why select them rather than so many others? Why choose Newman? One tires of hearing his name so frequently. And why Ruskin? Where is Macaulay? What about De Quincey? Is not Burke a model? Has not Johnson great thoughts? Can nothing be urged in favor of Addison? Will you leave out Irving?

In answer it may be said that the meaning intended to be conveyed is not that these writers should be excluded, but that the young mind, by an exclusive study of any one of them, would be exposed to the danger of imitating their mannerisms and defects rather than the great excellencies

to be found in them. Macaulay would be imitated rather in his artificial manner and prejudices than in his clear, rapid and brilliant style.

De Quincey, with his magnificently stored but wavering intellect, might, like Johnson, lead the young writer into the danger of an involved or ponderous manner, without the same solidity of thought.

Addison and Burke would provide most excellently polished material for study, and Irving the charm of a delicious humor, and thus perhaps make one value the way of saying a thing above the thing to be said.

Let us not be misunderstood here, for many beauties, indeed, are to be found in each of these writers; but let us ask the question: If one were to choose, where will he find authors that combine the greatest good with the least number of imperfections?

By observation of different characters, by careful reading and analysis, we have sought the authors

that would give a young intelligence great, good and noble thoughts, strengthen its intellectual vigor and enlarge its capacity for knowledge and self-direction in later life. The result is in the choice presented. The difficulty was to find the smallest number that united the greatest perfection of thought and style with the fewest disadvantages in both; the conclusion is one not arrived at in a day, and whatever its value, is one that required no little care.

Newman and Ruskin, though not on the same level, are two authors who may be our guides on account of the tone and development the reading of them will give to a well-disposed mind. For if reading ought to be something more than an idle pastime—if it is to have such a deep and lasting influence upon our thought—is it not of the highest importance to consider well to what sort of men we trust, perhaps, the future happiness of our lives?

Some one has said, "It is nearly an axiom that

people will not be better than the books they read."

Whether this be true or not will depend much upon the character of the reader, and will bear interpretation similar to that which may be placed upon the principle, "that every one is made either better or worse by every book one reads." He will be dragged down by the evil he meets, or rise superior to it, and be elevated by the good.

"As the ideas and images of men's minds," we are told by a modern writer, "are the invisible powers which govern men—which all men obey—it is the highest concernment that great care be taken of the understanding, to conduct it right in the search of knowledge, and in the judgment it makes."

This is especially true of the minds of the young. Reading is not merely the gathering of a stock of ideas; it is the gathering of material which the mind should work into thought. "This is the point wherein great readers are apt to be mistaken.

Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything, too ; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge ; it is thinking that makes them ours ; without this, what we read is but so much loose matter floating in the brain."

The mind should be early trained to this task of thinking while we are reading. At first the task is not easy, but use and exercise will give facility, and only those who have acquired it have the true key to books and the clue to lead them through the maze of opinions to certainty and truth.

"Those who are strangers to this method will be apt to think it too great a clog ; they will imagine they shall make but little progress if in the books they read they must stop to examine and unravel every argument. I answer, this is a good objection and ought to weigh much with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But

it is the true way to knowledge, and to those who aim at that I may say that he who 'fair and softly' goes forward in a course that points right will sooner be at his journey's end than he who runs after every one he meets, even though he gallop all day at full speed. It is only in the beginning such thought is a clog; it soon becomes easy and a delight, and reading is made in truth a training for the intellect."

With this thought of the writer before us, and bearing in mind that we need a reading which will lead us to think aright, let us return to the two writers to whom we have invited attention—John Henry Newman and John Ruskin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMPLETENESS OF NEWMAN.

IN Cardinal Newman's writings we find the beauties of a varied style as the medium of the most solid and lasting thoughts. He is acknowledged by the reading world to have been the greatest master of English prose of our times.

He is a man to whose noble life, heroic self-sacrifice and zeal for the glory of God's Church we bow down in reverence, not only as to a leading intellect in his times, but as to a character for whose parallel we might challenge the world in vain. His history is well known, but we can never tire of learning the beauties of his great mind from his own strong words.

The love of God spoke to him from the flowers

and the hills as it spoke to the hearts of poets. But his is a poetry far more sublime than we are wont to hear, and his unmeasured but rhythmical lines fall on the ear with a music sweeter than verse.

Listen to him as he describes the influence of classic authors on men's intellects: "Let us consider, too," he writes,* "how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace.

"Passages which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply—which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks successfully, in his own flowing versification—at length come home to him when long years have passed and he has had experience of life; and they pierce him as if he had never before known them with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness.

* Newman : Grammar of Assent. p. 75.

"Then he comes to understand how it is that lines—the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine Hills—have lasted generation after generation for thousands of years with a power over the mind and a charm which the current literature of the day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival."

Whether Newman treats of education, as in the "Idea of a University," or of history, as in his sketches; whether he speaks of the Mother of God with the fondness of a child, or rises to a contemplation of the mysteries of the Trinity—on all these varied subjects we find a grasp and treatment that make us feel we stand in the presence of a deep thinker, a lofty soul, a mind stored with marvellous wisdom and enriched by the mellowed experiences of a long and good life.

To bring out the thought and style of Newman more in relief, we may compare him with Ruskin and contrast him with Carlyle.

This viewing of a character between parallel lines was the favorite method of that prince of biographers, Plutarch. By deepening the shadows and varying the light it brings out in greater fullness the merits of each and gives an image of the man.

Newman has the music of Ruskin and the precious gift of faith which that author, unhappily, has not. His vigor and depth are greater than Carlyle's without that writer's abrupt jaggedness and illogical assumptions. But as to the teaching of right thought these two are not to be mentioned in the same breath.

Carlyle presumed that the world was wrong and everything in it, and that, unless he or some teacher like himself were listened to, the world would rush on to ruin. No one who has read him can deny to him certain great merits, but if we take the tenor of his works and the scope of his views we must conclude that, if God wished to change the face of the universe by some new method out-

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side the plan of his general Providence, he would have chosen a representative less unlike the prophets and apostles than is Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

But in many non-Catholic writers how much do we find of noble thought for the choosing! Even if mingled with bias and prejudice, it is still eloquent of Catholic beauty and truth.

CHAPTER VII.

SUGGESTIVENESS OF RUSKIN.

AMONG non-Catholic writers there is none, perhaps, so healthful in his influence, so suggestive in his thought, as John Ruskin. Some men say of him: "He's an enthusiast, ridiculously inconsistent." These things are easily said, yet are not these amiable qualifications found in other authors? And where, with them or without, shall we find the world of good sense, the suggestiveness and the wondrous power of language to be found in Ruskin?

The work which Ruskin began in urging men to deeds, not dreams, will live. His influence in elevating the higher circles, and in raising and directing the aspirations of the working classes of English society, is such that, whatever its short-

comings, it will not be confined to a narrow range, but will grow and spread itself while there remains in men the desire to do what is real and right and true.

Ruskin was an art critic by profession, and yet in his "Construction of Sheepfolds" he sought to give us plans for a perfect religion. This was not strictly within the sphere of an artist.

Again, he is carried away with admiration at the grandeur of the art of the Catholic Church; but at the same time, although he sees it, though it appears to him as something noble, the prejudices in which he has been educated prevent him from an acknowledgment of her truth. Such things, though they do not excite admiration, may be passed over; for there is a grandeur and a poetry in his thoughts that open to the reader ever-widening fields of wonder and delight. His "Modern Painters" teems with thought that may be applied not only to the art of which he treats, but to the various occupations and actions of life.

His great merit is sincerity. He began 'by warning painters to be true to nature in delineating the forms of clouds, trees and flowers, and he enlarged his teaching by applying this principle of trueness to sincerity of life.

No other author can, like Ruskin, compel one to pause over a passage and see new and newer thoughts come rolling in and raising the mind in an ecstasy of wonder at the power of suggestion which one mind can exert over another. To give an instance, see how closely he observes nature, and what lessons he is taught by the sky :

"It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky.* It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

"Every essential purpose of the sky might, as

* Ruskin : *Modern Painters*—Clouds.

far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

“And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.

“And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this being done for him constantly—the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too bright nor good for human nature’s daily food.”

In another passage we find an example of his colloquial style, and a specimen of humorous good sense :

“The first object of all work—not the principal one, but the first and necessary one—is to get food, clothes, lodging and fuel. It is quite possible to have too much of all these things. I know a great many gentlemen who eat too large dinners, a great many ladies who have too many clothes. I know there is lodging to spare in London, for I have several houses there myself which I can’t let; and I know there is fuel to spare everywhere, since we get up steam to pound the roads with while our men stand idle—or drink till they can’t stand idle or any otherwise.

“In their way—as I do not doubt you will believe—I am very fond of both (science and art), and I am sure it will be beneficial for the British nation to be lectured upon the merits of Michael Angelo, and the nodes of the moon. But I should strongly object myself to being lectured on either while I was hungry and cold; and I suppose the same view of the matter will be taken by the greater number of British citizens in those pre-

dicaments. So that I am convinced their present eagerness for instructions in painting and astronomy proceeds from an impression in their minds that, somehow, they must paint or star-gaze themselves into clothes and victuals.

“Now, it is perfectly true that you may sometimes sell a picture for a thousand pounds; but the chances are greatly against your doing so, much more than the chances of a lottery. In the first place you must paint a very clever picture; and the chances are greatly against your doing that. In the second place you must meet with an amiable picture-dealer; and the chances are somewhat against your doing that. In the third place the amiable picture-dealer must meet with a fool; and the chances are not always in favor even of his doing that—though, as I gave exactly the sum in question for a picture, myself, only the other day, it is not for me to say so.”

It is hardly necessary to allude to the difference of style in the preceding two selections.

Ruskin is not perfect. There are in him views that jar upon one's mind. Some theories are more speculative than practical. Tennyson characterizes him as a man who said many foolish things*—hardly a generous appreciation. No doubt we may grant that; but a great many great men have said foolish things, and therefore that is not precisely the way to estimate the merits of a writer. If Tennyson had tuned to verse some of Ruskin's nobler thoughts he would have been guilty of fewer trivialities than at present appear in some of his writings.

Thoughts of Ruskin will live when both the foolish and wise things that Tennyson may have said shall have ceased to occupy the minds of earnest men.

* Alfred Tennyson : *Pen Sketches of Authors*—John Ruskin.

CHAPTER VIII.

POETRY AS A LITERARY STUDY.

IS it only in prose that we find thought worthy our attention; or does it exist in poetry? Do serious men care for poetry? Isn't there a wonderful amount of moonshine about it?

You remember the dear old Scotch gentleman of whom Professor Shairp speaks, "one of the most sagacious and wise of his generation," who, whenever anything unusually extravagant or absurd was proposed, used to dismiss it with a wave of his hand, saying: "Oh, that is poetry!" *

"And yet," continues the professor, "that gentleman was one who could see in the outlines of his native hills, and feel in all human relations, whatever was most beautiful.

* Prof. Shairp: Poetic Interpretation of Nature.

“There are, I dare say, a good many sensible people who share that view to whom poetry is only another name for what is fanciful, fantastic, unreal—only, as one called it, a convenient way of talking nonsense.

“To these I would say, if this be so, if poetry be not true, if it have not a real foundation in the nature of things; if genuine poetry be not as true a form of thinking as any other, indeed, one of the highest forms of human thought, then I should not recommend any one to waste time on it, but to have done with it, and turn to more solid pursuits.

“It is because I believe poetry to have a true and noble place in this order of things, a place not made by the conceit of man, but intended by the Maker of this order, because I hold poetry to be what Wordsworth has called it, the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, to be ‘immortal as the heart of man’—it is because of these convictions that there is claimed for it the serious regard of

reasonable men. For this reason it seems worth our while to dwell for a little on one aspect of this study, and ask what does it mean.”*

There is no truth cognizable by man which may not shape itself into poetry. Wherever the sensations, thoughts, feelings of man can travel, there the poet may be at his side and find materials for his faculties to work on. The one condition of his working is that the object pass out of the region of mere dry fact, or abstract notion, into the warm and breathing realm of imagination.

In the words of Bacon, “Poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness.” Or, in the still briefer and more beautiful language of Festus: “Poetry is itself a thing of God. He made his prophets poets.”†

Poetry cannot be circumscribed by a definition

* Prof. Shairp: *Poetic Interpretation of Nature*.

† Philip James Bailey: *Festus*. Proem.

any more than we can tie up a ray of light, or measure the width of sound. But it must contain truth and beauty, be noble thought expressed in noble language, and, under the inspiring glow of imagination, have reference to Nature, God and Man. This we know, as we know that sound must be vibration, and that light must have brightness.

All who have been called poets are not so, but we would mention three, not to the exclusion of others, in whom we shall try to point out what is meant by this truth and beauty, this noble thought in noble language, and the heart of Nature speaking to the heart of Man.

Some minds might choose other poets; we have here taken those who in their whole range seem to appeal to what is noblest and tenderest, and who have rarely proposed to our view any thought but one that would elevate and make us nobler.

The first we shall mention will be the poet Wordsworth. Never has there been a poet more reverently loved by those who have given him

deep study, and less liked by those who know him but little.

It is the old principle. Where the subject is worthy, the greater the knowledge the greater the love. Satires, caricatures in the style of the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith, or scraps of two of his shorter poems, are all that is known by many of his great mind.

CHAPTER IX.

WORDSWORTH AND NATURE.

WORDSWORTH will not be popular, but he will be loved by those who have had a wide range of reading and bring to him an appreciative mind. When Jeffrey told him in the *Edinburgh Review* that his poem, "The Excursion," "would never do," the poet responded: "It must do. I very well know that my work will be unpopular, but I know, too, that it will be immortal."

And his fame grew and is growing, and to-day his thoughts are interwoven with the workings of the greatest minds. The orator, the poet, the scientist, the philosopher, all find in him a mine of thought, of a depth, a variety, a simplicity nowhere so rich, except in the kingly wealth of

Shakespeare. "He has thrown off the shackles with which poetry was hampered in the time of Pope,"* and whatever beauty of original diction and graceful expression Tennyson possesses, he owes much of it to Wordsworth, who has dared to lead the way in the noble expression of his own thoughts, in the great fearlessness of his reflective mind.

Wordsworth seeks truth and thought that fall upon the human heart and sink into its inner depths. Above the jingle of mere harmonious verse, he wastes not the energy of our minds when, in simple language, he brings home to us a thought that oftentimes "lies too deep for tears."

There are other poets more brilliant and attractive than Wordsworth. Many of his pieces are weak and not a few of his lines tame. There is not claimed for him a dazzling splendor; his greatness lies in the world of high thought that leads man on in life and ever to a higher plane. With poetic

* Prof. Shairp : Aspects of Poetry—Wordsworth.

truth and poetic beauty he applies thought to the relations of nature to the soul of man, and expresses the truths suggested by these relations—and in this is the true interpretation of nature.

“He has been well abused,” says one of our eminent writers. “Shelley bemoaned him, Mr. Browning has flouted him, and following these all the *smaller fry of liberalism* have snarled at his heels.” *

We do not find perfection in Wordsworth—not the sweet cadence of melodies that require no intellectual effort; not poems like the paintings of some moderns where you find all the skill and color that could be desired, but not the soul of the artist.

We do not find in him the richness of language and imagery of Shelley, Tennyson and Keats. His noble thoughts would not lie hampered by such finery.

It is true that his theory of poetic thought with-

* Matthew Arnold : Poems of Wordsworth. Preface, p. xxi.

out poetic expression was an exaggeration, and he himself, in one of his finer passages, did not adhere to the theory. He was struggling against that artificial swaddling of empty and gaudy epithets that was cramping and smothering poetry, and the result was a more natural growth of the muse.

In Keats, Shelley and Tennyson we do not find the soul-stirring thought that springs from Wordsworth. And if thought is more than words, so is Wordsworth's poetry nobler and more real than theirs. They have their merit and he has his; it is not hard to choose.

We find in him the stirring, clear voice of a man of character, that rings out in firm tones which pierce into the heart, and we rise to our feet and say, This is a man, his thought is true, and since I should love God's nature so well, I should love and serve nature's God the better, and thus be more the man.

Such is the man from whom we may learn the truth of poetic thought. If we wish for the por-

trayal of the mere sensibilities or affections, we find that in other poets who can boast no other merit, but as Henry Crabbe Robinson, a keen observer, has noted—

“Wordsworth admits that his sensibility is excited by objects which produce no effect on others, and is proud of it. He cannot be accused of being insensible to the real concerns of life. He does not waste his feelings on unworthy objects, for he is alive to the actual interests of society.”

Familiarity with his thoughts will give to them a significance that ever grows deeper, and find them endowed with an unsuspected beauty.

His religious opinions, especially in some of his sonnets, we cannot accept, but count it a pity that such a mind had not the light of faith. Though not ours, to his poetic thought we may lend the willing ear, as we do to the winged words of Newman and the suggestive soarings of Ruskin.

Should we learn to love Wordsworth, and understand how his thought is to be valued above

the poetic chaff that lies in bushels in the mart of poesy, we must thank Heaven for the gift; it is a precious one. As in painting, one may see through the color and form and grasp the fulness of what they were intended to represent, or in music may discern over and above the melody a deeper meaning coming from the soul of the master, and yet be content that others flatter themselves that a daub or a tune is painting or music—as for them it is—so, one who hears the full sound of the poetic voice speaking from the very soul of living nature envies not those who beguile themselves with its faintest echoes.

Why does the reading of him fill the heart, so much more than other poets do, with peace and noble thoughts and rest? It is because he gives us joy. You will notice any effect but this from the reading of Tennyson or Shelley or Keats.

The heart of Wordsworth is at peace, and all objects speak to him of a God of gladness. The cause of his greatness, in the words of a com-

petent observer, "is simple and may be told simply."

Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature ; the joy offered in the simple primary affections and duties, and because of the extraordinary power with which he presents it so as to make us share it.

This spirit we find in his "Skylark," his ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" and in countless places throughout his other poems. We select, as an illustration of his spirit of joy, "The Skylark," and of his communion with nature a portion of his immortal ode.

In "The Skylark" we discern a spirit that feels the weight of life's sorrows, but rises above them borne on the wings of a joyous hope.

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !

For thy song, lark, is strong,

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !

Singing, singing,

With clouds and sky about thee ringing,

Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a Faery
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning ;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark ! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy liver
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on
And hope for higher raptures when Life's day is done.*

* Arnold's Edition of Wordsworth. The Skylark.

We see sympathy with and real love for nature
in his well-known ode.*

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore :
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

* * * * *

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;—
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

* Arnold's Edition of Wordsworth. Intimations of Immortality.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

There must have been something very noble in
the mind of that poet who, though not a Catholic,
wrote these lines on the Blessed Virgin :

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast—
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast—
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,—
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

CHAPTER X.

TENNYSON AND ART.

A STRIKING contrast to Wordsworth is presented by the poet Tennyson. How brilliant and graceful are the pictures of his pen! Who has not been charmed by the melodious music of his verse?

Sweet as is the song of Tennyson, and tender as are the chords which at times he touches, though remarkable his powers over verse and language, yet a great poet in the sense of having real power over the heart of man and deep sympathy with nature we do not think him.

Those who have learned to admire Tennyson may deem this an unfair view. He is certainly attractive and grows upon one, but if we read him

carefully we shall find that the heart yearns for something more real and true and certain than what he offers us.

Poetry must idealize and raise to the realm of the imagination that which it presents. But what it presents must have "its root in truth," or never will it "blossom into a beauty"* that touches the heart of man.

Tennyson, by combining the most exquisite diction with serious thought, brings before our view scenes of the days of chivalry, bright pictures, indeed, but the brilliant personages of his longer poems seem not to have the warmth and life and soul of living men.

He has wrapped philosophy and science in a new vesture and married them to "immortal verse" as it has seldom been done by English poets before him. But is he a poet of nature? Does he really move the heart? Do we rise from his reading with the same love for the man and

* Leigh Hunt : Definition of Poetry.

with the higher aspirations that we do from the reading of Longfellow or Wordsworth?

The question can be answered best by those who have studied deeply the three authors. The thought of that great restlessness and void and unsatisfied state of mind produced by him has grown more clear with the lapse of years and more careful comparative study.

Tennyson may be admired as most skilful in the use of beautiful language. But grant him an artist's skill in the weaving of thought—a skill that few can rival, a power of imagery that entrances the reader, a magic combination of word-pictures and flow of song to which we can find no parallel in our day ; grant him a certain weight of thought and an occasional stroke of power, and still the question is the same. Is Tennyson a great poet?

A graceful writer the world and every intelligent reader must proclaim him—a singer with many sweet melodies. Witness his "Break, Break," "Sweet and Low," "Late, So Late."

The "In Memoriam," "Princess," "Maud" and the "Idyls" are gems; but the beauty there is rather that of the cold mosaic than of "the human face divine." Or, if it is the beauty of the human countenance, a peaceful or happy soul does not beam through it. Here is where the intelligent reader, who wishes to be candid with himself, must discriminate.

Tennyson should have the full measure of esteem and admiration that is his due—and the measure is not small—but no more. What is it, amid such beauty, that makes us feel that something in it, after all, is "out of joint"? Is it not that his sadness glides down to despair, his melancholy lapses into hopelessness?

Examine his poems and see if the affirmative answer to this suggestion would be a gratuitous one. We seem ever to hear a sigh after something that is hopeless; ever a wail for sad, sad days gone by—often most beautifully uttered yet only a regretful wail, with very little of a brightening

glimmer of joy to look forward to in life, or after it.

This is not enough. It leaves the heart beaten down by a weight of sorrow—not a soothing sorrow, but bitter and disturbed.

Sadness is an essential element in poetry—grief and sorrow go home to the heart of every human being—but not the sadness of despair, not the gloom of endless death. True human sorrow has ever in it a gleam of hope, but Tennyson's "Calvary has no Easter."

It may be that the death of Arthur Hallam changed "the current of his being." Possibly. But although the poet excuses his dejection, the unrelieved woe is oppressive.

The same strain runs through many of his other poems. In "Mariana" the hopelessness falls upon us: "He cometh not, she said; I am aweary, aweary; I would that I were dead!"

A soul whose endless refrain is a cry of mourning for a light gone out in the past and never

to be rekindled cannot be a happy singer. His song may be sweet to him, but he cannot make his listeners joyous, and if his melodies ring the chords of despair they cannot bring a healthful sadness.

—“ My heart is wasted with my woe, Oriana—
There is no rest for me below, Oriana ;
When the long dim wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow, Oriana—
Alone I wander to and fro, Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee, Oriana—
I hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana.”

And there the poet leaves us, and the heart is left uncomfortable amid that cheerless “roaring of the sea.”

“The motive that is so sadly wanting in our modern literature and art is faith*—a living, energizing faith in the fact that all this unintelligible tangle of the natural world is in very truth working together for good ; a faith stronger

* Cotterhill : Study of Poetry. p. 120.

far than the faint-hearted trust taught us by Tennyson." *

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

* * * * *

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

Is not this despairing melancholy deeply impressed on our literature ?

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith ; and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Is it necessary to quote more ? We have but to read through the "In Memoriam" and the "Idyls" to feel amid all their startling beauty that there is an unsatisfying and unsatisfied groping after some-

* Tennyson : *In Memoriam.*

thing that calms no more than the sea's roaring
can fill the heart with rest.

Contrast for a moment these two pictures of
Grief, one by Tennyson, the other by Longfellow :

IN MEMORIAM.*

O sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

* * * * *

And all the phantom nature stands
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good ;
Or crush her like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of my mind ?

RESIGNATION. †

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

* * * * *

* Tennyson : In Memoriam.

† Longfellow : Resignation.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

* * * * *

She is not dead—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needeth our protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution
She lives whom we call dead.

* * * * *

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

These are two poets writing of the sorrow caused
by the death and absence of a loved one. Which
of these has the truer ring, and which teaches the
heart the right bearing of human sorrow ?

Tennyson tells us of sadness, wrong and gaiety, but he does not lift us with a strong right hand, nor guide us in the fulness of our many-sided natures, nor sweep the heartstrings of our affections, nor lead us upward.

In his "Poet's Song" we read, and pause at the words of the nightingale who says: "I have sung many songs, but never a one so gay; for he sings of what the world will be, when the years have passed away." Such is not the theme of Tennyson's poems.

The novelty of his style and the charm of his imagery, so delightful when one can be content with that, may leave hidden from the casual reader the deeper current that runs below; but even then it is felt that the flow is not that of a mind which grasps truth and the full significance of life, and no other can be a right teacher.

Some have found in Tennyson many meanings, and remarkable among them is a spiritual meaning that shows in the interpreter a close study and

ingenious application, and as this meaning has met the approbation of Tennyson himself, whatever intent at the time of writing may have been in the poet's mind—and no sign was ever given that this intent was there—it becomes for the future one of the meanings of the Idyls.*

Another writer, an early friend of Tennyson and true admirer of the poet's art and thought, and a warm sympathizer with his teachings, confesses that what he finds akin to him in the poet's mind is the "higher pantheism"—that lofty thought which flings aside the fetters of half the creeds and launches freely forth on the wings of honest doubt, repudiating as it were the restraints of ascetic life, or any bond that can bring a shackle to the senses.

Far removed, indeed, is this teaching from the spiritual meaning of Tennyson, and yet it must be confessed this author has made no hurried review of the poet's words, but diving into the honeyed

* *Catholic World*: April. C. B. Pallen.

depths seems to have drunk in a sweetness not strange to his own mind, which, he admits, is not likely to be burdened by ascetic ways or creeds, but revels unswathed in the higher realms of reason.*

In starting, we took the principle of choosing for our authors those who would teach us to think aright, but the later developments of Tennyson's muse have not added to his reputation as a poet, nor ought these later poems be considered by any reasonable man as valuable acquisitions in the line of right poetic thought.

Another poem was represented some time ago, and of it a London critic speaks thus: "Every one has now heard of the disastrous failure of Mr. Tennyson's new rustic drama, 'The Promise of May.' Those who put the failure as due to the poor representation forget that the laureate's hero is really not a human being, but rather a collection of odious propositions, in morals, meta-

* Cf. Roden Noel : Poetry of Tennyson.

physics, theology and political and social philosophy.

“There are things in this world which no art or skill can make go well together; and among these we may assuredly class the language of an agnostic lecturer, united to the airs and graces of what is termed a lady-killer.

“After all, the audience did not grow first weary and then impatient, then sarcastic and rude, because a wicked man constantly uttering wicked abstract propositions was set before them.”*

This is a hard criticism, and certainly it is to be regretted that in addition to the “Queen Mary,” “Harold” and the “Heavy Brigade” Tennyson should have written the “Promise of May.”

All we have to observe here is this: Is it probable that Tennyson, if in all his poems his thought was sound and right, would have developed suddenly into such a train as that just referred to, or was the tendency and approach to it gradual and

* *London Graphic*, Nov. 18, 1882.

its spirit visible? To one who thinks and observes, the under-current is not difficult to discern.

In this judgment of Tennyson it has been our aim to give him all the admiration due to such great merit, but at the same time to point out the element that is wanting.

And just here it is in place to quote the words of a philosopher who shows that even the poet must be true in his thought. Speaking of Sir William Hamilton's idea of belief and knowledge, he says :

“When, further, Hamilton teaches that we believe the infinite yet cannot conceive it or know it as possible, he does not wish to retract his declaration that what we believe we must always to some extent likewise know ; but he falls certainly into an appearance of contradiction, and beyond apology his views are at times misty and misleading. Perhaps it was some participation in them which prompted the line at the opening

of 'In Memoriam'—'Believing what we cannot know.' " *

Surely Father Rickaby is able to judge of philosophic truth in a poem as well as others, and thus, sharing Hamilton's theory, Tennyson's thought is, beyond apology, at times misty and misleading.

In an article in the *American Catholic Quarterly* † Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, in a keenly discerning way, distinguishes between Tennyson's poetic talent, and his right idea of truth and Christian Faith. It notably coincides with Father Rickaby's view of Tennyson's misty ideas of truth.

* John Rickaby, S. J. : *First Principles of Knowledge* (Storm-hurst series), p. 48.

† *American Catholic Quarterly*, January, 1893.

CHAPTER XI.

LONGFELLOW AND THE SOUL.

A POET to whom we would now call attention as having, if not great, surely right and true poetic thought is Longfellow. His poetry seems to come to us, to use his own words, "as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight."

His characteristics have ever seemed to be the outcome of a noble but gentle nature; one that has the aspirations of a lofty mind, but has seen the sorrows of life. They have not, however, darkened a bright soul and set it at useless repining, but they have chastened a lofty spirit, and made it learn to feel for the sorrows of others.

How many young minds has he not set aglow with the desire of great things by the "Psalm of

Life," and "Excelsior," and by his lessons of labor, patience and resignation! How many a broken-hearted mother, weeping at the loss of her little one, has taken new courage when she thought how

" The Reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away !"

With what pathos does he not steal into our hearts and open a glimpse of a higher life than ours, raise us above ourselves and the world and time!

But never is he so beautiful as when, in a Catholic spirit, he unfolds to us the beauty of Catholic thought. We see this spirit in his smaller poems, all through "Evangeline" and even "Hiawatha."

It has been claimed by some that the great element which pleases in Longfellow is the Puritan spirit, but the poems of Longfellow that are loved and recited and sung in England and in this

country are those which show the spirit of the Catholic faith.

Here and there he has gone aside to portray religion with some little satiric vein, but of this Longfellow himself would not have been proud. He has not the magic power over language which Tennyson possessed, but he has another power more difficult of acquirement—impossible to acquire—a power which must come from the inmost soul; a quality far more precious, the distinctive mark of a true poet—the power to move men's hearts.

His chief qualities are a gentle soothing power to hearts in trouble or not hopeful—a real Catholic spirit, with a hold on the unseen but real world, as real as the world that we see, a spirit that is the basis of true art and a deep soul-moving pathos.

We find his gentleness in "The Day is Done," "Resignation," "Footsteps of Angels," "Light of the Stars;" his Catholic spirit in "Evangeline,"

and his pathos throughout his poems and more especially in the dying Minnehaha.

How intensely human and natural is the pathos of Longfellow, and yet how softly mingled with the supernatural and divine !

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Where could we find a more choice poem

or how fill the night with sweeter or sadder
music than the wail of Hiawatha for his dying
Minnehaha?

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

“Hark!” she said: “I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!”

“No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!”

“Look!” she said, “I see my father,
Standing lonely at his door-way,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!”

“No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!”

“Ah!” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

And the desolate Hiawatha,

Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard the sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
“ Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! ”

Over snow-fields, waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted ;
Heard Nokomis moaning. wailing,
“ Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are !
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin ! ”

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him,
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet that never

Reading and the Mind.

More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks,
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow like ermine ;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

* * * * *

“ Farewell ! ” said he, “ Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water,
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you,
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter ! ”

CHAPTER XII.

BRYANT AND AMERICAN SCENES.

ANOTHER poet there is to whom, apart from his hostility to our faith, we could trust our minds to be raised to higher literary thought and made to look more kindly on nature and man. This is William Cullen Bryant. His spirit is that of Wordsworth. It was from the reading of Wordsworth's poetry, as he himself tells us, that he derived his first inspiration.

"Upon opening Wordsworth," he said, "a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in my heart, and the face of nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life."

Bryant to us has laid open a view of the calm beauty of our woods and rivers. The wind and the snow seem as dear to him as his own daughters

for whom he has such a devoted love. Like another Lear, he taxes not the elements with unkindness, but sees them taking forms of ministering spirits, to him more kind even than the "gentle breath of heaven."

Read his "Evening Wind," "Green River," "Snowflakes," "Crowded Street," "Death of the Flowers" and "Thanatopsis," and if they will not bear a second reading, lay them aside and say there is no poetry suggested by American scenery.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

BUT are these few the only poets one ought to read? Again we repeat, not so. It would be limiting the wide range of thought spread out before us. But as in our physical existence a certain substantial nutriment must supply the fibre of our being, so must the intellect be made strong and robust; then will the lighter material not injure the strength and beauty of the mind.

In the broad woodlands of the Muses there is much else to be gathered that will delight the ear and form the taste. Have we not Goldsmith, Gray, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Keats, Young, Coleridge, Poe, Aubrey de Vere? And besides these and others, how many clear rills of delicious song!

All that one could wish for of fragmentary poetry for study, and especially of lyrics, wherein the poet loves to pour out the longings of his inner soul, may be found in the "Thousand and One Gems" of Mackay, in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," and in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

How much do we not owe to Longfellow and Bryant? Besides the poet's sweet songs, Bryant gives us his own magnificent translation of Homer and his "Library of Poetry and Song." Longfellow lays at our feet a life-labor, his translation of the unseen world of Dante, and the choice collection of the poets and poetry of Europe.

We have reason to be proud of our two American poets, and did we know all that these two can teach us, in their collection of poetic thought, we should need little else.

In speaking of reading, there are two departments which in our day cannot be overlooked, and yet to which we can refer only hastily, in

passing—the reading of periodical literature and of novels.

Of periodical literature, though it is so vast and varied, but one word can be said. Amid the one hundred and forty-two reviews at present issuing from the press we need a guide as in other reading. It would be strangely inconsistent if Catholics were well acquainted with other reviews, while of their own—the *American Catholic Quarterly*, the *Catholic World*, the *Dublin Review*, and *The Month*—they were to remain comparatively uninformed.

These latter, it may seem, are not as fascinating to some readers as other brighter and more pleasant magazines, but they contain what is more precious than the entertainment of a leisurely half hour—they bring to us in their earnest pages thoughts that will be an antidote to a poisonous fascination which is strong sometimes even to death.

Of the great question of novel reading what is

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to be said? Shall we read novels? There is excess on either side. And still novels have their place in literature if they are of the right kind. Those who would read novels, let them keep to the more correct, classical, healthy-toned writers—Thackeray, Dickens, and, with a due reserve to his prejudices, Scott.

But how easy to go too far. Some have become absolute slaves of novel reading. It is not necessarily wrong to read a good novel occasionally, one that is pure in tone, right-minded in principle and religion, and written in a pleasing style. "But," says Porter, "it begets passive reading, and passive reading weakens the energy of the mind. It is a process which wastes time and, what is worse, wastes the intellect, the fancy and the living soul."

It is no credit to appreciate a sensational novel; there is in it no healthy action of a cultivated intellect; the most uneducated will read it with a keen relish. On the other hand, love of

real literature comes from a trained and refined mind.

What a world of useful and beautiful reading there is, without throwing away in so pitiful a manner our time and our thought! Read the works of Irving, Charles Lamb, of Sir Arthur Helps, Dr. J. Brown's "Spare Hours," especially the charming story of "Rab and his Friends," and "Marjorie Fleming."

Is there nothing of interest in the lives of such young men as Ozanam, Garcia Moreno; in the letters of such women as Eugénie De Guérin, Mme. De Sévigné, and in the discoveries of such men as Layard, or in histories such as the "Ancient Monarchies" of Rawlinson?

Parents take great and praiseworthy care of the education of their children, but are they fully alive to the value of that important factor in it—their home reading?

Take an interest in the reading of those within the circle of your influence, direct it, and make

it interesting for them according to their capacities and tastes, and they will bless you for it throughout their lives.

Why do not young people read what is profitable? They are rarely told what is proper, or taken in the right way. But nothing is easier to a discreet person than to interest a young mind in reading, nothing more beautifully docile than that mind when properly directed, and nothing, perhaps, has so powerful an influence on the formation of a young mind and character as its early reading.

We have attempted to show the necessity of reading, and of a choice of authors as our literary guides. We have dwelt longer on principles than on particular works; the principles will remain through life, the book you will read in a day.

To write of Newman, as the subject deserves, would require more than one volume and a lifetime; and the same may be said of Ruskin.

Such a work would not be the end of this book. It aims only at suggesting, at inspiring with de-

sires that may lead young minds to do great deeds—deeds to be felt in their own lives and, both here and hereafter, make the doers of them loved of God and of man.

We do not deceive ourselves by imagining that all will immediately admire the authors that have been proposed. Each one has his own tastes, and tastes differ, and it is right that they should, or there would be little reason for the variety that we have in our authors.

There is a grand meaning, if rightly understood, in these bold words of Festus:

All rests with those who read. A word or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings like the *sea*,
With shoals of life rushing, or like the *air*
(Benighted with the wing of the wild dove),
Sweeping miles broad o'er the far Southwestern woods
With mighty glimpses of the celestial light—
Or may be *nothing*—*bodiless*—spiritless.

We would not say *all* rests with those who read,
but *much*, for something rests with the writer.

What pleases one is what one enjoys, and not what profits or pleases his neighbor. But still there remains the principle that great and noble minds will teach great and noble thought. The authors we have mentioned may not at first seem attractive to some; but make a trial of them and they will grow dearer as they are known better.

We feel assured of one fact, that those who read Homer and Dante; in prose, Newman and Ruskin; in poetry, Longfellow, Wordsworth and Bryant, will form for themselves a higher taste, be better able to guide themselves with truth and judgment, with higher intellectual enjoyment, and in a shorter time than could be done outside of such a course of reading.

Such reading is not as amusing as reading merely for pastime, but it shapes the intellects of men of thought. And we have been considering not how to kill time, but how to improve our mind; and serious men in our day believe

they are called upon to do something more by reading than merely to while away an hour of idleness. "Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams life and its choicest faculties were given."

The future of a life may be made or marred by the nature and method of its reading. Catholics are well aware, or should be, that in the strife of intellect which is going on their adversaries sleep not, and so should they be spurred on to be ever ready to meet them with equal arms on the field of intellect, for in the realms of faith we possess a treasure of which, unless we ourselves will it, we cannot be robbed, but in the field of letters much remains to be done.

In the following collection are suggested certain authors that may lead young minds on the way to a wider and more learned course of reading. Let it be remembered that many well-known books and well-deserving authors may not be mentioned, but the difficulty consisted, chiefly, in making the

collection brief. Those who have mastered these authors will be easily inspired to take a loftier flight, without further assistance than their own well-formed taste. May it be to many the key to such a treasure.

CHAPTER XIV.

LYRIC POETRY.

POETRY might have been called the “waving of an angel’s wing in the sunlight of fancy ;” or “a ray from a star broken by the pulsations of the midnight ocean.” It is a thing to be dreamed, not reasoned. It is to be looked for in the region, not of fact, but of fiction ; and the faculty that gives it form is not reason, but the imagination.

Some have called it “the imitation of Nature in measured language ;” “a fine art, operating by means of thought and language ;” but all these definitions seem but to fetter the free wings of a muse, never destined to be confined even in a golden cage.

Yet some expression is needed to give an idea of those things concerning which poetry must pour

forth its melodies. It is intensely human, most emotional; for this reason it touches man, not only on one side of his nature, but in all the fullness of his being, natural and supernatural.

It is not opposed to truth, but idealizes it; not apart from beauty, but living in it; not averse to God, but ever yearning for him, and raising man towards him from the very nature of poetry and the nature of the human soul.

Hence it has been said that "poetry is a plant which has its root in truth and springs up and blossoms into beauty." If to this we add the presence of some ennobling thought, we have a definition of the highest kind of poetry, that of the good, the true and the beautiful.

But, perhaps, a more specific definition would not be amiss. It may be described, then, as "the impassioned portrayal in rhythmical language of the relations which exist between nature, man and God, and of the thoughts which arise from such relations."

Man's emotional being, when its pulse is true, goes out to nature, and at the same time soars heavenward. Without this triple chord, man, nature and God, the harmony is incomplete; not that explicit reference is always needed, but the voice of nature, when striking against the heart of man, must ever be able to call forth the echo of the Eternal.

One of the great classes of poetry is that which has been called "Lyric." It is an enthusiastic utterance of passion aided by fancy, and the imagination. It is the means by which we give expression to our most intimate relations with God, our country and our friends.

It is, moreover, the form of poetry which appears earliest in the literature of a nation, being the animated expression of the overflowing human heart.

Hazlitt says: "Lyrical poetry, of all others, bears the nearest resemblance to painting. It deals in hieroglyphics and passing figures, which

depend for effect, not on the working out, but on the selection. It is the dance and pantomime of poetry."

To be a true lyric and characterized by those marks which distinguish all real poetry and form the chief delight of this style of writing, the poem should, first of all, have real artistic beauty; that is to say, it ought to give rise in the mind to some ennobling thought.

To do this it must needs be founded on truth and reality, but this alone is not sufficient for true beauty or even true poetry; for the presence of the imagination, although only a subordinate element, is necessary for either of these.

Professor Hales, speaking of hymn writing, says: "At all events, the imagination has an inferior part assigned her; she is not to create, but rather to decorate and glorify what is created."

He also says: "To worship, and adore, and love—these are real movements and impulses of the poet's mind, and may have, and have had,

their expression in lyrics that may be fully styled Divine."

From what has been said here on lyric poetry, two things especially must be noted: First, the author expresses the feelings of his own heart; in other words, a lyrical poem is intensely personal. Secondly, he expresses the intensity of his feelings; that is, a lyric poem has in it an unusual degree of passion and enthusiasm.

For this reason, then, the lyric is always quite short. It must, therefore, portray in a much more intense and excited manner than would be adopted in either epic or dramatic poetry that feeling which is so condensed and concentrated by the brevity of the account.

Lyric poetry need not, as its name would seem to signify, be intended for music. It is true, Aristotle himself says, that the epic form of poetry imitates by means of words alone, and the dramatic imitates by means of words accompanied by action, while the lyric imitates by means

of words accompanied by music. Hence we see that it was originally designed for musical accompaniment. And yet all connection with music may be severed and the name remain the same.

And what name could be more appropriate? For, since the lyre has always been considered typical of music, no name could be more appropriately given to this form of poetry. It is song in its very nature and essence. And in every good lyric there exists such a real musical sweetness and massive grandeur as to immediately captivate the soul of the hearer, even as the delicious strains of the lyre itself.

One of the distinctions given between lyric and epic poetry is that the epic is objective; that is, the author is entirely forgetful of self and lives only in his characters and creations. The lyric, on the other hand, is essentially subjective; that is, the poet, forgetful of everything else, dwells mainly on self, and pours forth the joys and

sorrows of his own soul, in an attempt to gain over the sympathies and affections of his hearers.

“He is the true lyric poet,” says Ulrici, the German critic, “who portrays not merely his own personal feeling subjectively, but that of the human mind generally, of which his own is but a particular manifestation.”

As the epic relates the deeds of the past, and conjures up the mighty events of that period, so the lyric forgets the past and thinks only of the present and future—looks at the present with joy or sorrow, anticipates the future with hope or fear. In other words, epic poetry is commemorative; lyrical, prophetic.

There are very few persons who pretend to have any regard for poetry—who are moved by fine sensibilities, keen perceptions—who have any love of the true and beautiful—but may find their element in lyric poetry. For this is the poetry of the heart.

Founded on truth and harmony, holding innate

all the higher and sublime tendencies of the human heart, having for its object the elevation of the human soul by means of those very senses and emotions which are too often perverted from their original use, lyric poetry comes to us as a regenerating and purifying element for the representation of the divinest thoughts to which the human mind can soar.

CHAPTER XV.

DRAMATIC POETRY.

DRAMATIC poetry is essentially the poetry of action. The purpose of the dramatic author is to represent in the actions of his characters his own thoughts, while concealing his own personality. In this veiling of personal feelings lies one of the chief distinctions between dramatic and lyric poetry.

The history of the origin and early progress of the drama, because of the wildness and weirdness of the circumstances under which the first dramatic performances were produced, is particularly interesting.

Let us imagine ourselves in one of the Grecian towns, about five hundred years before the birth of Christ, on the occasion of the great Bacchanalian festival.

The women and children are decked in holiday attire, while, strange to behold, the men, at least those who are young and active, are clothed from head to foot in goat-skins. All are flocking to a rude, rustic altar of wood or turf, before which a portion of the greensward is marked off by stakes.

Early in the day the celebration begins. An important character, who represents Bacchus himself, enters the enclosed space and relates some extraordinary feat or adventure of the god.

It was the belief of these ancient Greeks that Bacchus was accompanied in his expeditions through the woods by an attendant band of jovial satyrs, creatures with horned, human heads and with body and limbs of a goat.

When, therefore, the narrator has finished, the above-mentioned fantastically clad inhabitants, impersonating the satyrs, shout and dance around the altar, singing the praises of the godly hero

The leader again resumes his story, followed in turn by the chorus, until the narrative is concluded, and the songs of praise entirely exhausted. Then follows a scene of wild hilarity.

For a considerable length of time the satyrs, already half-crazed with wine and excitement, keep up among themselves a wild, disorderly dance, and with the spectators a running fire of ready wit and good-natured bantering. After this he who is deemed most ready of tongue and active of limb receives the prize of a goat. Thus the festival concludes.

Such, according to universal admission, was the origin of the Greek drama, which afterwards attained such perfection. In the wild scene just described we see little of a dramatic nature, yet the progress from this rude beginning was rapid.

Thespis, a native of Icaria, introduced one actor, and Æschylus, styled "the Father of Tragedy," not long after introduced a second,

both distinct from the chorus. In this way the chorus, from being the more important part of the entertainment, soon fell into a position subordinate to the dialogue.

By the year 500 dramatic art had advanced so far and become so exceedingly popular that the famous theatre of Dionisos (another name for Bacchus) was begun. Here the masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were first produced.

Æschylus, in point of time the first of these three great contemporaries, was a soldier as well as a poet, and obtained at the battle of Marathon a prize for preëminent bravery. He was the first to give life, splendor and divinity to the drama. His compositions are characterized by simplicity, harmony and sublimity.

Sophocles, thirty years his junior, and, according to the opinion of the Greeks themselves, the greatest tragic author, excelled in the delineation of human nature. Many of his characters are

noble and self-sacrificing, and invested with great depth of feeling. An astonishing simplicity is remarkable in all his plays.

Euripides loves to depict scenes of misery and suffering, and succeeds, by eloquent discourse and the introduction of startling features, in touching the brain rather than the heart. These peculiarities make it more interesting to read an English translation of Euripides than of either of the others.

The next division of Drama, which is Comedy, now presents itself. Its progress also was rapid. Rising with Susarion, an itinerant mountebank, improved by Phormes, Epicharmus and Cratinus, it reached its most perfect state about the same time as tragedy under the keen mind of Aristophanes.

The productions of this great writer, though regarded by many as a series of wholesale and unlicensed abuses, are admitted by the best critics to exhibit a course of systematic jesting

and discriminating abuse, and to contain many wholesome truths, evincing acute observation and intimate acquaintance with human character.

The history of the Greek drama from this period comprises little more than a list of tragic and comic poets, whose names might be given in chronological order. But few of the works produced by these men are extant, and of themselves little is known.

It is difficult for most of us, who at the word "theatre" are accustomed to think of that large beautifully gilded, brilliantly lighted hall with which we are familiar, to conceive an idea of the Greek theatre. This was a magnificent stone structure capable of holding, without difficulty, more than twenty thousand persons.

Though a huge awning was at times used as a protection from the sun's heat, there was usually no other canopy than the blue sky. The salubrity of the climate was a reason for this, while another was because the idea of en-

closing their gods and heroes in a confined space was most repugnant to the Greeks.

The performances were witnessed in broad daylight ; frequently there were two or three on the same day, while on the other hand a single performance sometimes lasted several days. The audience was acquainted with the main features of the story to be represented, and, regarding the whole as intimately connected with their religious worship, was intensely interested, and, at the exciting stages, profoundly moved.

It is related, that upon the appearance, through ingenious mechanical intervention, of gigantic monsters and tremendous deities, all were paralyzed with terror ; men were wont to tremble, women to faint, and children were known to have actually perished with fright.

We may now consider the progress of the drama among the Romans, who were not of a dramatic turn. Their earliest rude ideas of the art and even their word for actor, *histrion*, were derived

from the Etruscans; their farces, or *fabulæ atellanae*, from the Oscans. The more elevated productions of Terence, Plautus, Andronicus and others were based upon Greek models. The dramas of Seneca, though frequently bombastic, contain passages of beauty, and are interesting as the most complete Latin tragedies extant.

For fourteen centuries after the death of Seneca, the dramatic art was neglected. Italy was the scene of its revival. In most European countries the miracle plays of the Middle Ages directly preceded and were the foundation of the modern drama.

In Italy, however, there was simply a revival of the old Latin plays. At first they were written in Latin by Mussato and Petrarch, and afterwards in Italian by Ariosto and Macchiavelli.

The Spanish, French and German drama was the outcome of the miracle plays. In the first-mentioned nation there was considerable early progress, the plays being conspicuous for intricacy

of plot and marked prevalence of patriotic and religious fervor.

The principal Spanish dramatists were Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca.

In Germany, somehow or other, stage representations have never been very popular, and first-class German dramatists have been few in number. The most prominent names are Goethe, Lessing and Schiller.

The French, on the contrary, are lovers of the theatre, and by them the drama has been more extensively cultivated and with greater success than in either of the above-mentioned countries. Before the shining literary period of Louis XIV. the rather inferior plays were based upon Greek tragedies or upon those of Seneca, and bear a closer resemblance in execution to the latter.

The four great dramatists of the French stage are Corneille, Racine, Molière and Voltaire. Corneille drew upon the Spanish as well as upon the Greek theatre. The former had great

influence upon his mind, and from it he obtained the materials for the first great tragedy, "The Cid." He composed many other plays, all conspicuous for sublimity and neatness of style, unnatural complication of plot and complete absence of humor.

Of all the French tragedians, Racine is, perhaps, the greatest. He was certainly best acquainted with the ancients. His characters were not studies from life; they were creatures of his imagination, frequently possessing enough valor, perseverance or faithfulness to suffer for a half dozen ordinary mortals. Most of his plays contain one character animated by one dominant passion, which it is the delight of the author to follow out to a climax. "Andromaque" and "Athalie" are two of his best works.

Both these authors recognized the excellence of the old Greek tragedy, but it is doubtful whether, in their digression from the rules of Aristotle, they succeeded in improving upon it.

Great credit is due Molière, the father of French comedy. As Shakespeare found the English comedy, so he found the French, an unorganized system of buffoonery and uproarious farce. This he perfected and moulded into a noble and enduring art.

Molière borrowed extensively from Plautus and Terence, but by additions which were the outcome of his own originally humorous nature, he improved whatever he appropriated. Most of his works are replete with laughable puns, showing great ingenuity. "Tartufe" and "L'Avare" may be cited.

Voltaire made many innovations in the mechanical part of the French stage; he wrote both tragedies and comedies. "Œdipe" was the first and best known of these.

The more modern French dramatists are rather immoral in their writings, especially Victor Hugo and Dumas, while the current dramatic literature of anonymous or not well-known writers is proverbially lax and licentious.

We now come to the English drama, with which nothing is more closely connected than the name of Shakespeare. Before his time the dramatic art in England was almost entirely neglected.

The genius of Shakespeare was wonderful ; he composed excellent comedies and perfect tragedies. His characters were taken from life ; he was alike acquainted with the elegant language of the court and the familiar talk of the tavern.

He was the idol of his contemporaries, is the pride of succeeding generations of his countrymen, and the delight of all who are able to read and understand his productions. His reputation for a brief space immediately after his death was obscured by a dark cloud of ignorance and prejudice, and again during the reign of Charles II. ; but it was only to shine forth anew at the beginning of the last century with more than original lustre.

His fame since then has been steadily increas-

ing. He has left, altogether, thirty-seven plays, twelve comedies, eleven historical plays and fourteen tragedies, all of the highest order.

The other eminent English dramatists, with the exception of Marlowe and Jonson, were comic writers. Most of these, especially the earliest, were also extremely immoral. Congreve was the first who was successful.

Spirited, humorous comedies were produced in the eighteenth century by Sheridan and Goldsmith, many of which are still popular.

Among the recent poets who have adopted the dramatic form are Swinburne, Tennyson and Browning.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIALOGUE AND SOLILOQUY OF TRAGEDY.

THE origin of dialogue, like the origin of tragedy, was very simple. The dialogue was for a long time confined to two speakers, and although tragedy originated with a chorus, nothing could be more unnatural for the purpose of tragedy, namely, to represent action. Thespis, by adding one actor to the chorus, made the first step towards the ideal.

It is to Æschylus, however, that we owe the invention of a real dialogue distinct from the chorus, for he introduced two actors who besides the chorus took part in the dialogue.

The Greek mind immediately showed its appreciation of the merit of the dialogue by their approval of the efforts of Æschylus and Sopho-

cles; and it is not to be wondered at, for in dialogue even when not important there is an interest far above narrative, however well delivered. Notice how in novels readers skip narrative or description, and hurry on to the dialogue.

Dialogue in any form is attractive. Who that has read the dialogues of Plato does not admire them, as well as the wisdom of our modern writer of dialogues, Sir Arthur Helps? Yet these works are not adapted to the stage; theirs is a dialogue more tranquil yet to thoughtful people filled with pleasure and interest.

The drama without dialogue would be a most lifeless performance; and how great this dependence of the drama upon dialogue is one has but to think in order to see. The drama depends on action, and all action of the play depends upon the dialogue. For this reason dialogue is of the highest value to tragedy.

The movement of the drama is not due to the

presence of one person solely, except where that one acts in connection with others. If it be not in companionship with others, it must be in the effect of the act. Hence the necessity of more than one character. As it is seldom, however, that there occurs between two an action of such importance as to sustain dramatic movement, the number of actors has been largely increased by English dramatists.

The principal characters of the action may be few, but these involve other characters, and, in consequence, a greater need of dialogue follows. Drama, in fine, puts before us a miniature world, where the people go through a portion of their lives before us, whence comes dramatic action and its most natural means of expression—dialogue.

As Æschylus receives his meed of praise for his improvement on Thespis, so Sophocles is given honor for the step he takes in advance of Æschylus. The extra actors and enrichment of the dialogue are really the improvement for which

Sophocles deserves our thanks. For it is by these, we may say, he nearly reached perfection in his art.

The action of Æschylus often comes to a standstill, and this is the more evident when the chorus is extended. On the other hand, Sophocles, by limiting the chorus, increased the dialogue and rendered the action more prominent, the interest more lively and the whole more symmetrical.

As the dialogue became more used by tragic poets, in proportion the chorus fell into a subordinate part. That which once was the whole became a part, and merely one of the actors co-operating in the action. Thus, says Aristotle, was it used by Sophocles.

In the modern drama the chorus holds no place. The songs that are introduced hardly resemble the function of the chorus. The dialogue so well fills up the measure of requirements that no chorus is needed.

By the greatest dramatists, however, a want

was felt, which formerly had been partly filled by the chorus. This office was quickly refilled by the invention of the soliloquy. The principal actors in the play were the mouthpieces of the soliloquy. The time of its delivery was nearly the same as that formerly occupied by the chorus, and the occasion nearly similar, namely, the end of a scene or act.

In so much as the soliloquy connects the scenes or acts, helps out the work and denouement of the tragedy, it is like the chorus; but it does more, for by it dramatists give us an insight into the characters, minds and thoughts, and thus base upon its utterances much of the after-working of the play.

It is not pretended that the soliloquy was inserted for this precise purpose, but such in reality is its function. Like the chorus, it often contains some of the sublimest poetry of the drama, as well as the deepest reasonings upon the problems and duties of life.

The dramas of Shakespeare are famous for the soliloquies ; the soliloquies of Macbeth, of Hamlet, of Wolsey in " Henry VIII.," and the soliloquy of Richard III., are among the best known.

Dialogue and soliloquy are now the forms of English tragedy ; they have been found to be the best means of unravelling the plot.

Nothing can be more natural or effective than dialogue. Two or more characters are introduced conversing, and the thread of their dialogue is so managed, and is taken up at such a point, that it acts in regard to past, present and future.

As in " Hamlet," all familiar with it remember that the first scene tells of what has happened, recounts what is present and presages the future.

In the mean time, the drama is continually progressing ; we are carried along on a swift current of life by " a nurse of fire," whose chief instrument, the dialogue, the poet puts in the mouths of the *dramatis personæ*.

What a difference in artistic reality and beauty

is to be found between dialogue and mere episodic narrative in action! This may be seen by comparing the opening scene of "Hamlet" with the commencement of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus.

"Agamemnon" is opened by a character called the "Watchman," stationed on a tower. He goes through a long recitative stating matters in regard to the State, and why he is on guard. This furnishes a sufficient opening for what follows in the drama; but it seems a weak beginning when compared with Shakespeare's opening of "Hamlet," where all the circumstances are the same. The one is dull and very wearisome, the other is vivacious and even soul-stirring.

Such is the effect of dialogue; by it tragedy arouses our most lofty passions and tenderest emotions, and touches the sweetest affections of heart and soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

HUMOR IN TRAGEDY.

EVERY one knows what humor is; at least they can tell when they are in good humor and when they are not. Like many other good things of life, humor is more easy to recognize than to describe. What is humor? "Ay! tell me that."—"Marry, now, I can tell."—"To't."—"Mass, I cannot tell."

Humor, is it not the faculty of seeing or placing something in a light that associates it with a ludicrous or ridiculous idea? The tendency to laugh is caused by the surprise at seeing the two ideas brought into sudden contact, or by the incongruity of the two being together at all.

Humor has been employed by dramatists and

comic writers in order to hold up to ridicule certain classes of characters. Even so serious a writer as Homer shows no slight sense of humor in his picture of the ludicrous Thersites, when, after abusing the chief and crouching under the welt raised by the golden sceptre, "he wipes away a tear."

Aristophanes, the master comedy writer of Greece, laughed at the actions of all men, and could find even in the person of Socrates a source of humor for his "Clouds."

If we look into Shakespeare, we shall find there is not one of his plays in which his humor is not perceptible. In some parts he gives it open play; in others it seems to bubble up by stealth, under the veil of some grave exterior. Now it is the heavy, blunt witticism of the fool or the clown, and again, the thin vein of sarcasm and withering humor of one whose mind usually courses along far different channels.

This is particularly the case with Hamlet.

After the "harrowing tale unfolded" by the Ghost, Hamlet's soul begets a hatred bitter as wormwood for men; but, to further his own ends, he hides his hatred under a jocular tone. He is himself only when alone, or in company with the Queen, his mother. At other times he banters Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, cajoles old Polonius, against whom he holds a bitter spite, calling him such endearing names as "fish-monger," "old Jephtha," and fooling him "to the top of his bent."

But with the exception of Mercutio, "whose very sighs," as Hudson says, "wreathe themselves into jokes," there is probably no scene so full of rich humor as that of the grave-diggers in "Hamlet." It seems the last place in the world, or at the edge of it, for a joke, and yet here the master of tragedy puts into the mouths of the grave-makers the most laughable solutions to conundrums, and the most atrocious puns.

Hamlet, the courtier, scholar, soldier, whose

pointed instrument of sarcasm is so keen that it needs but to touch to pierce; and the gravedigger, an unschooled peasant, but one who bodes no good to the one who may be unfortunate enough to feel the blunt edge of his frank, open humor, have an encounter. Retort follows retort; pun, pun; and quibble answers to quibble—until finally 'tis Hamlet is forced to say, "How absolute the knave is," and soon withdraws from the war of words. The gentleman and scholar yields to the boor and peasant.

This is not by any means his only vein of humor; in the delightful Gobbo, in Touchstone, in Malvolio, Olivia and the Duke, in the speech of the Porter at the "knocking at the door" in "Macbeth," made so famous by De Quincey's pen and challenged as an interpolation by Coleridge, the keen, rich humor of the master is ever rolling out.

The grave-scene of "Hamlet," however, seems to have claimed his especial attention. Some one

may ask why Shakespeare introduced the scene at all. He has raised us to a pitch of excitement, wonder and anxiety for the fate of Hamlet, and while the mind is busy with this solemn thought he brings in his grave-diggers, who chase far away all thought of tragedy.

To this the answer is easy. Shakespeare, no doubt, knew the strength of our own minds better than we who read him; he knew that he had so taxed our energies that some unbending under such a strain would be a wise relief, if not a necessity.

It is the old story of the bow and the string. Besides, these grave-diggers serve another end, by introducing gently the tidings of Ophelia's death and the manner of it. It is preliminary to what follows—the burial of Ophelia and the meeting of Laertes and Hamlet. In this scene both the master and his penetrative knowledge of human nature are discerned. Taking the scene even apart from its bearing in the tragedy, 'tis a

pleasure to see how Shakespeare, without any apparent effort, could descend from the character of Hamlet to that of a clown, and yet present both with such ease and truth.

It would seem that some would wish to banish from our literature, and consequently from our life, this pleasantry and humor. It is impossible. Addison said that "nature and humor" could not be apart, that "life was the source and spring of humor."

Humor to our daily life is what salt is to what we eat. Salt is not the principal article, but an indispensable accompaniment of the principal articles: so humor, though it be by no means the uppermost idea of our lives, has still its place, and if it must have a place in life it must also have a place in our literature, for this is but the written experience of our life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW TO WRITE A TRAGEDY.

THERE is a question upon which two of the greatest intellects the world has ever known have expressed their opinions. The question is this: In the writing of a tragedy, should the poet start with a carefully planned and complicated plot; or should he, free as the flight of a lark, soar upward without the hampering details of an elaborate plan, and allow his characters to develop the plot under the unfailing impulses of inspiration and genius? Aristotle inclines to the former of the two methods, Cardinal Newman to the latter.

Aristotle, regarding the plot as the most important part in the tragedy, draws up certain regulations for making it as perfect as possible.

"Tragedy," he tells us, "being the imitation of nature by action, has for its end the arousing of the passions of pity and fear in such a way as to purify them," by directing their exercise to appropriate objects in a suitable manner.

Now, to excite this pity and fear the poet ought not to place before the spectators, as the hero of his poem, a man who is eminent for his justice and virtue, nor one reduced to misery by his own wickedness and villainy, but rather a personage of high reputation and prosperity, who by some imprudence or some mischance, though not by conscious crime, has been brought into a state of wretchedness and woe.

If a person of high virtue and just character were to be made miserable without any cause it would excite in the spectators, not pity, but indignation. If a villain were represented as unhappy, it would arouse no feeling of compassion, but contempt and a sense of satisfied justice that he has been treated as he deserved.

Aristotle here shows what may be attempted, and what ought to be avoided, in the delineation of characters. He then declares that the plot, or fable, as he calls it, is perfect when the change takes place from a state of happiness to a state of misery, and when it is founded on some terrible deed or suffering that has taken place with reference to an illustrious family.

Thus on the most scientific principles Aristotle has erected a lofty framework for tragedy, to be filled up by the working of the poet's mind.

Cardinal Newman ventures to think that it is precisely here that the wonderful analytical power of the great mind of Aristotle, so marvellous in reducing its thoughts to system, has led him astray with regard to tragic poetry.

Viewing tragedy as it has been actually written by Grecian poets, he claims that Aristotle gives rules for what a perfect tragedy might be, but not for what it is. His ideas do not correspond with what has been done by the most

successful writers of Greek tragedy; and this is evident from an analysis of their plays.

The plot, as it appears in most of these ancient plays, is a subordinate element, serving only as the means of introducing the several personages. The interest of most of these plays lies, he finds, not in the interest of the plot, but in the charm of the characters, in the sentiments and the poetic diction; and in these the actual merit and poetry of the productions are found.

In support of his view, he shows that in most of the works of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, with one or two exceptions—as, for instance, the “*Œdipus Tyrannus*”—the plots are of little importance and may be said to scarcely exist. He illustrates this statement by pointing out that “neither in the ‘*Œdipus Coloneus*’ nor in the ‘*Philoctetes*,’ two of the most beautiful plays of Sophocles, is the plot striking; but how exquisite is the delineation of the characters of Antigone and Œdipus in the former tragedy,

particularly their interview with Polynices, and the various descriptions of the scene itself, which the chorus furnishes."

Now, the conclusion which Newman draws from these facts is that the Greek drama was "modelled on no scientific principle. It was a pure recreation of the imagination, revelling without object or meaning beyond its own exhibition."

It is rich in harmonious language, and filled with the "voices of sorrow, joy, compassion or religious emotion." Its characters come and go almost without any apparent reason.

Noting all this, and granting that one or two celebrated dramas answer the requisitions of Aristotle, Newman goes still further and questions the sufficiency, even, of the rules of Aristotle for the production of a drama of the highest order. His reasons for questioning the sufficiency of rules which require a complicated fable are based on the very nature of poetry, which longs to soar and idealize at will the characters of a play.

These rules would clog the wings of genius and drag it repeatedly to earth. This constant attention to minute details and the ins and outs of a complex story, to be rigidly followed out to a predetermined end, would tend to check a lofty flight.

Thus the mind of the poet is withdrawn from the spontaneous exhibition of pathos and imagination, which form the soul of the poem, and its energy is exhausted by the invention of a complex plot.

Newman seeks to confirm his view modestly, with all due deference to, and recognition of, the great intellect of Aristotle, but at the same time with the firm tone of a mind that thinks for itself, recognizes the truth and is prepared to sustain it with reasons. He shows that the "Ædipus Tyrannus," although one of the nearest resemblances to Aristotle's system of tragedy, though wonderfully remarkable for its complexity of plot, is in other points deficient in poetical

treatment; while on the other hand the two dramas, the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus and the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, possess great poetical power, and yet are deficient in skilful management of the plot. Are they, he asks, on this account, as poetry, to be rated below the "Œdipus"?

Ingenuous workmanship, then, in the construction of the plot, is Aristotle's ideal of dramatic composition. The delineation of perfect or charming character, grouping, magnificent thought in poetic language, pathos and the full free swing of the poet's soul through the world of fancy, in a plot that is the spontaneous development of the actions of such characters, seem to be Cardinal Newman's ideal of tragedy.

With Shakespeare as our model, let those who have studied and analyzed him decide, for modern tragedy, which of these two ideals measures best his methods, approaches nearer to nature, and is suited to be our guide.

SOMETHING TO READ.

SOMETHING TO READ.

PART I.

LITERATURE OF TIME.

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastimes and our happiness will grow.—*Wordsworth.*

“GIVE a man a taste for reading, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period in history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the

purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all countries, a contemporary of all ages."—*Sir J. Herschel.*

"Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for."—*Socrates.*

"If you *read* Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakespeare and Spenser, as much as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of shelves to right and left of them for purposes of *study*. * * * An intelligent or rightly bred youth or girl ought to enjoy much even in Plato by the time they are fifteen or sixteen."—*Ruskin.*

"As concerns the quantity of what is to be read there is a single rule: Read much, but not many works, *multum, non multa*."—*Sir W. Hamilton.*

"I do affirm that a most miserable distraction of choice must be very generally incident to the times. * * * One of the chief symptoms is an enormous 'gluttonism' of books."—*De Quincey.*

Every man of education should have a true taste in literature; this can be acquired in the society of the solid, pure and elevated writers of the past and present. Lady Jane Grey found more pleasure in reading Plato in the original Greek than she did in the hunting parties of the court.

The following authors are suggested. They comprise several models for study and sufficient elements for the formation of taste. When the taste and style are formed, and the judgment matured, other works may be read with profit.

REFLECTIVE AND CRITICAL.

- NEWMAN. Idea of a University. Historical Sketches.
- RUSKIN. Modern Painters. Architecture and Painting. Stones of Venice. "What to Read," in Appendix to Perspective and Drawing. *Frondes Agrestes*.

- Fors Clavigera. Seven Lamps of Architecture. Crown of Wild Olive. Queen of the Air. Ethics of the Dust. Sesame and Lilies.
- MACAULAY. Essays on Milton, Addison, Dryden, Cowley, Byron, History, Athenian Orders.
- HELPS. Friends in Council. Organization in Daily Life.
- HOLMES. Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The Professor. The Poet.
- BACON. Essays.
- LAMB. Essays of Elia.
- REED. British Poets.
- COLERIDGE. Notes on Shakespeare.
- HAZLITT. Essays. Elizabethan Literature.
- DE QUINCEY. Essays.
- JOHNSON. Essays. Preface to the "Life of Shakespeare." Preface to "Dictionary."

- BRYANT. Preface to "Library of Poetry
and Song."
- BURKE. Essays.
- IRVING. Sketch Book. Alhambra. Tales
of a Traveller. Knickerbocker.
Conquest of Granada. Brace-
bridge Hall. Wolfert's Roost.
- LOWELL. Among My Books.
- ADDISON. Papers.

STUDIES FOR PROSE STYLE.

Newman, Ruskin, Helps, Addison, Macaulay,
Burke, Wiseman, Manning, De Quincey, Irving.

"It is nearly an axiom that people will not be
better than the books they read."—*D. Potter.*

ELOQUENCE.

Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, etc. Read all in
"British Eloquence," by Goodrich, O'Connell,
Curran, etc. Speeches—Webster, Clay, Calhoun,

etc. ; Newman, Manning, Wiseman, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Lacordaire ; Saints Chrysostom, Gregory, Basil ; Demosthenes, Æschines, Cicero.

TRANSLATIONS.

HOMER.	Bryant's.
VIRGIL.	Conington's.
PLATO.	Jowett's.
HORACE.	Bulwer-Lytton's.
DANTE.	Longfellow's.
ÆSCHYLUS.	Browning's.
SOPHOCLES.	Plumptre's.
DEMOSTHENES.	Brougham's.
HERODOTUS.	Rawlinson's.

STUDIES FOR TASTE IN POETRY.

Shakespeare.	Bryant.
Scott.	Longfellow.
Wordsworth.	Aubrey De Vere.

VERSIFICATION.

Shakespeare.	Gray.
Tennyson.	Pope.

COLLECTIONS OF FAVORITE POEMS.

BRYANT.	Library of Poetry and Song.
PALGRAVE.	Golden Treasury of English Lyrics.
UNDERWOOD.	English Literature.
DAY.	English Literature.
CHAMBERS.	Encyclopædia of English Literature ; valuable for older and less well-known poetry.
HALES.	Longer English Poems.
BARTLETT.	Familiar Quotations.
MACKAY.	One Thousand and One Gems.
LONGFELLOW.	Poets and Poetry of Europe—German, Italian, Spanish, etc.

These collections hold a high rank, and in them

one may find all that is needed for purposes of study.

Every student of English literature should have, at least, one for reference, as they contain nearly all the choice poems of every age.

Of the following poets something should be known :

Chaucer.	Hemans.
Spenser.	Holmes.
Sidney.	Herbert.
Elizabeth Browning.	Herrick.
Robert Browning.	Hood.
Campbell.	Bret Harte.
Collins.	Jean Ingelow.
Cowley.	Leigh Hunt.
Burns.	Landor.
Butler.	Lowell.
Beattie.	Macaulay.
Baillie.	Massey.
Bryant.	W. Morris.
Buchanan.	Akenside.

Canning.	Procter.
Carey.	Reed.
Crabbe.	Rogers.
Davis.	Thackeray.
Drummond.	White.
Thomson.	Willis.

Whittier.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Few things so inspire us with the desire of greatness as the reading of the lives of great men. Why should not we do great deeds like those which other men have done—be they deeds of heroes, saints or sages?"

Alexander the Great.	WILLIAMS.
Alfred the Great.	ABBOTT.
Alexander.	PLUTARCH.
Anthony.	DOWDEN.
J. Q. Adams.	F. T. MORSE, JR.
Bayard.	BERVILLE.
Basil.	NEWMAN.

Bonaparte.	SCOTT.
Burke.	PRIOR.
Calhoun.	VAN HOIST.
Charles V.	STIRLING.
Clay.	PRENTISS.
Cowper.	SOUTHEY.
Columbus.	IRVING.
Cicero.	MIDDLETON.
Cyrus.	PLUTARCH.
De Foe.	MINTO.
Emmet.	F. BURKE.
Charles J. Fox.	RUSSELL.
Franklin.	WELD.
Ferdinand and Isabella.	PRESCOTT.
Francis I.	PARDOE.
Frederick the Great.	CAMPBELL.
Frederick II.	LORD DOREE.
Gregory.	NEWMAN.
Gallitzin.	HAYDEN.
Patrick Henry	WIRT.
Hannibal.	ABBOTT.

Henry IV. France.	JAMES.
Irving.	C. D. WARNER.
Johnson.	BOSWELL.
Thomas Jefferson.	F. T. MORSE, JR.
Paul Jones.	MACKENZIE.
Lives of the Poets.	JOHNSON.
Leo X.	ROSCOE.
Charles Lamb.	TALFOURD.
General Lee.	MCCABE.
Livingstone.	SEDGWICK.
Louis XVII.	BENTHAM.
Louis XIX.	PARDOE.
Lorenzo de Medici.	ROSCOE.
Michael Angelo.	SIMMON.
Milton.	PATTISON.
Men of Letters.	MORLEY.
Mozart.	HOLMES.
Nelson.	SOUTHEY.
Peter the Great.	PARON.
O'Connell.	McGEE.
Plutarch.	CAMPBELL.

Philip.	PLUTARCH.
Richard Cœur de Lion.	JAMES.
Scott.	LOCKHART.
Sheridan.	MOORE.
St. Louis.	JOINVILLE.
Wolsey.	CAVENDISH.
Webster.	J. C. LODGE.
Washington.	IRVING.
Ximenes.	HEFELE.

Some are stars—some are beacons.

There are other lives as noble, others still
higher, whose every deed seems to write the
words—

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

POETRY.

SHAKESPEARE. Hamlet. Macbeth. Lear.
 Julius Cæsar. Kings. Mer-
 chant of Venice. As You
 Like It.

MILTON.	Paradise Lost. L'Allegro. Il Penseroso.
DRYDEN.	Hind and Panther.
POPE.	Essay on Criticism. Essay on Man. Rape of the Lock.
GOLDSMITH.	Deserted Village. Traveller.
GRAY.	Elegy.
WORDSWORTH.	Ode on Immortality. Short Poems. Parts of "The Excursion."
SCOTT.	Lay of the Last Minstrel. Lady of the Lake. Mar- mion.
TENNYSON.	Short Poems. In Memori- am.
LONGFELLOW.	Evangeline. Poems.
BRYANT.	Short Poems. Thanatopsis.
SOUTHWELL.	Poetical Works.
BABBINGTON.	Poetical Works.
CRASHAW.	Poetical Works.

COWPER.	The Task. A Mother's Picture.
RYAN.	Poems.
AUBREY DE VERE.	May Carols. Sonnets.
KEATS.	Nightingale. Grecian Urn.
YOUNG.	Night Thoughts.
COLERIDGE.	Ancient Mariner.
NEWMAN.	Poems.
POE.	The Raven. The Bells.
KIRKE WHITE.	Poems.

DIDACTIC OR REFERENCE.

ABBOTT.	English Lessons for English People. How to Write Clearly.
GOULD.	Good English.
ALFORD.	The "Queen's English." } Read
MOON.	The "Dean's English." } both.
GILMORE.	Art of Expression.
MATHEWS.	Words, their Use and Abuse.
TRENCH.	Study of Words.

PORTER.	Books and Reading.
SCHLEGEL, F.	History of Literature.
SCHLEGEL, A.	Dramatic Literature.
PYCROFT.	Course of English Reading.
CARPENTER.	Handbook of Poetry.
KAMES.	Elements of Criticism.
SPENCER.	Philosophy of Style.
CAMPBELL.	Philosophy of Rhetoric.
BAIN.	Rhetoric.
WHATELY.	Rhetoric.
GENUNG.	Rhetoric.
CRAIK.	English Literature.
AZARIAS.	Philosophy of Literature.
ALLIBONE.	Dictionary of English Authors.
WARD.	British Poets.
MORLEY.	English Men of Letters.
MINTO.	English Literature.
BLACKWOOD.	Series of the Classics. Ancient Classics for English Readers.
TICKNOR.	Spanish Literature.

HISTORY.

There are three ways of going about the study of History :

1. Find out what are the great men or events that have interest for you and get an accurate knowledge of each of them. Be able to say, " This fact of history, at least, I have thoroughly mastered." Take one at a time.

2. Make a short course, in the chronological order, of the different nations and of certain periods. For instance, learn well an outline of the history of England, let us say " Burke's Lingard." When this outline is well set in the mind, fill up the spaces. Read :

LINGARD.	England.
GUIZOT.	France.
BANCROFT.	United States.
ALISON.	Europe.
HALLAM.	Middle Ages.
GROTE.	Greece.

MERIVALE. Rome.

BOSSUET. Universal History.

RAWLINSON. The Seven Ancient Monarchies.
History of Egypt.

GOODYEAR. Ancient and Modern History.

Then plan a course according to your need.

Gibbon, Hume and Froude, though good writers, are untrustworthy historians.

3. The third method is to study up a certain period, comparing the views of different historians. This is the most thorough way, but the attention and care required in the minuteness of detail might weary some beginners in history.

For young men who have not yet become interested in history, and who have only fragments of time, the first method is the best. The second is excellent, and for some minds better than the first.

FICTION.

All are supposed to have read, almost before leaving the nursery, Robinson Crusoe, Don

Quixote, Mother Goose's Melodies; Æsop's, Fénelon's, and Gray's Fables; the heroes of mythology, Tales of Hendrick Conscience, etc.

Let those who must read novels keep to the more correct, classical, healthy-toned writers: Scott, Thackeray, Dickens.

Some have become absolute slaves of novel reading. It is not necessarily harmful to read a good novel occasionally, one that is pure in tone, right-minded in principle and religion and written in a correct style. No honest man would care to read any other.

But much novel reading begets passive reading, and passive reading weakens the energy of the mind. "It is a process which wastes time, and, what is worse, wastes the intellect, the fancy and the living soul."—*Porter*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHNSON.

Rasselas.

SOUTHEY.

Life of Nelson.

GOLDSMITH.	Vicar of Wakefield.
IZAACK WALTON.	The Angler.
JUNIUS.	Letters.
GRAY.	Letters.
COWPER.	Letters.
LAMB.	Letters.
DE SÉVIGNÉ.	Letters.
MISS MITFORD.	Our Village.
T. HUGHES.	Tom Brown at Rugby, Oxford.
FRANCIS FINN, S. J.	Percy Wynn. Tom Play- fair. Harry Dee.
KENELM DIGBY.	Broadstone of Honor.
KINGLAKE.	Eothen.
C. KINGSLEY.	The Heroes.
NEWMAN.	Loss and Gain.
ALCOTT.	Little Women.
WARREN.	The Diary of a Late Physician.
WARNER.	Backlog Studies. My Summer in a Garden.

DR. J. BROWN.	Spare Hours.
DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.	Undine.
FARRAR.	St. Winifred's. Julian Home.
HAWTHORNE.	
C. S. LILLY.	Characteristics of New- man. Characteristics of Manning.

Also the *Dublin Review*, *Edinburgh Review*,
Blackwood's Magazine, *Littell's Living Age*,
Chambers' Miscellany.

HINTS TO MAKE READING FRUITFUL.

1. *Read with attention.* Burke read as if he were never to see the book a second time. Guard against careless reading. Better read one history, one poem, one essay well, if it take a year, than lazily to fritter away twelve hours in a process that blunts the sharp activity of the mind and weakens its power of seizing on a difficult subject.
2. *Read what it interests you to know.* In what

does your ignorance disturb you most? With what events, men, principles, would you like to be conversant? Make sure of this.

3. *Read what bears directly or indirectly* on your profession, business, position in life. Propose to yourself a definite purpose. Why am I reading this book? Why am I reading it now? The habit of asking ourselves these questions will involve the calling of ourselves to account for our reading and the considering of it in the light of wisdom and duty.

Every self-educated man, from Franklin onward, was not only earnest, but select in his reading.

4. Have some definite, solid reading always in hand; don't be merely a literary butterfly.

5. *Read with method.* Make special efforts to retain what is gathered from reading. Make always a mental synopsis of the essay, article or book read, and often a written one.

What was proposed in that article? Was it descriptive or argumentative? If the latter, what

did the author wish to prove? Did he prove it satisfactorily? What were the chief arguments? Did the subject and manner of arranging the reasoning please me? Was the style pleasing? What special thoughts or saying ought to be sown on my memory?

Use the pen for brief or full notes.

"Above all, never omit a reference, and keep such notes in order, and where you will be able to find them. Besides the intrinsic value of what is written, note-taking is a means to the end of quickening the intellectual energies, of arousing and holding the attention."—*N. Porter.*

COURSES OF ENGLISH READING

FOR

University and College Classes
Academic and High Schools
Academies, Grammar and Preparatory Schools

BY

J. F. X. O'CONOR, S. J.

Professor of Philosophy and Literature
St. Joseph's College
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

COURSES OF ENGLISH READING.

SENIOR.

Dr. Ward's Philosophy of Theism.
Metaphysics of the School—Harper, S. J.
Jouin's Logic, Metaphysics.
Duke of Argyle's Works.
Janet's Final Causes.
Russo's Philosophy.
Newman's Apologia.
Manning's Miscellanies.
Brownson's Essays.
Formation of Christendom.
Endowments of Man.
Soirées of St. Petersburg.
History of Europe.
History of Greek Literature—Jevons.
History of Philosophy (Aristotle to St. Bernard).
Opera Philosophica, Hercules Furens—Seneca.
De Consolatione—Boethius.
Psychology—Maher, S. J.
Ethics.
Medicine and Ethics—Poland, S. J.
Law and Ethics—Holand, S. J.

JUNIOR.

Universal History—Rossuet.
 Foundation of Christendom—Allies.
 City of God—St. Augustine.
 French Literature—Saintsbury.
 French Literature—Longhaye.
 Philosophy of History—Schlegel.
 Dante—Ozanam.
 Dante—Church.
 Dante and St. Thomas—Liddon.
 Dante and the Franciscans—Liddon.
 Italian Literature—Snell.
 Divina Comedia—Hettinger.
 Idea of a University—Newman.
 Logic, Ontology, Cosmology—Stonyhurst Series.

BROOKE.	Early English Literature.
BROWNSON.	American Republic.
BURKE.	Speeches.
BUTCHER.	Theory of Poetry.
CAMPBELL, L.	Guide to Greek Tragedy. Sophocles (Green's Classics).
CHURCH, DEAN.	Essays on Dante.
DE QUINCEY.	The Cæsars.
DRANE.	Christian Schools and Scholars.
EMERSON.	Traits.

HELPS.	Friends in Council.
JEVONS.	Greek Literature.
JOHNSON.	Lives of the Poets.
LAMB.	Elizabethan Drama.
LANDOR.	Imaginary Conversations.
MARTIN.	Horace (Translation).
MORLEY.	Edmund Burke (English Men of Letters).
MOULTON.	Ancient Dramatic Art. Art of Shakespeare. Ancient Classical Drama.
NEWMAN.	Idea of a University.
OLIPHANT.	Makers of Florence. Makers of Venice.
PATER.	Appreciations.
POLLARD.	Miracle Plays.
RUSKIN.	Stones of Venice.
SAINTSBURY.	English Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.
SHAKESPEARE.	Macbeth. Hamlet.
SNELL.	Primer of Italian Literature.
SOUTHWELL.	Poems.
SPENSER.	Færie Queene.
WARD.	The Oxford Movement.
SWICKERATH, S. J.	Jesuit Education.

SOPHOMORE.

Pitt, Burke, Fox.
Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Lacordaire.
Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory.
Demosthenes, Cicero.
Bain's Rhetoric.
Whateley's Rhetoric.
Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric.
Spencer's Philosophy of Style.
Hamlet, Julius Cæsar.
Curran, Clay, Grattan.
Webster, Calhoun, Fr. T. Burke.
Wendell Phillips.
Newman, Wiseman.
Roscoe, Lorenzo de Medici.
Orators and Oratory.
Landor's Imaginary Conversations.
Schlegel's History of Dramatic Literature.
History of England.
Rhetoric—Aristotle.
Age of Elizabeth—Saintsbury.
English Poets—Ward,

Greek Tragedy—Campbell.

Bristol Elections—Burke.

Bunker Hill—Webster.

Second Spring—Newman.

Rhetoric and Oratory—O'Connor, S. J.

AUSTIN.	Poetry of the Period.
COLERIDGE.	Poems.
CONNINGTON.	Virgil.
DE VERE.	Essays on Poetry.
GOSSE.	Gossip in a Library.
HUTTON.	Essays on Literary Criticism. British Poets.
JUNIUS.	Letters.
MILTON.	Lycidas. Paradise Lost.
NEWMAN.	Historical Sketches.
POTTER.	Pulpit Eloquence.
RUSKIN.	Modern Painters.
STEADMAN.	Victorian Poets.
STEPHENSON.	John Wycliffe.
TENNYSON.	Dora. Lotus-Eaters. Garden- er's Daughter. Tithonus.
WARD.	Witnesses of the Unseen.

FRESHMAN.

De Quincey.
Minto's English Literature.
Morley's English Literature.
Queen's English.
Macbeth, King Lear.
Samson Agonistes.
Spenser, Selections.
Chaucer, Selections.
Dante, Milton.
Tennyson's In Memoriam.
Macaulay's Essays.
Letters of Junius.
Lessing's Laocoon.
Mrs. Browning.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
Holmes's Autocrat, Poet.
Life of Ozanam.
Schlegel's History of Literature.
History of France—Martin.
Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Arts.

Nature of Poetry, Victorian Poets—Stedman.
English Poetry—Ward.
Essay on Poetry—Watt.
Interpretation of Nature—Shairp.
Idea of a University—Newman.
Essay on Style—Pater.
Studies in Structure—Brewster.
Golden Treasury—Palgrave.
Georgian Era—Minto.
Eighteenth Century Literature—Gosse.

ABBOT.	Napoleon.
ARNOLD.	Essays on Translating Homer. Essays in America. Sohrab and Rustum.
AUDIN.	Life of Luther. Life of Calvin. Life of Henry VIII.
BROWNING, MRS.	Poems.
BYRON.	Childe Harold. Prisoner of Chillon. Poems (Arnold's Edition).
CARLYLE.	Essay on Burns.
CHURCH.	Story of the Iliad.
COLERIDGE.	Mt. Blanc. Kubla Khan. Youth and Age.

COWPER.	Letters.
DE QUINCEY.	Autobiographical Sketches. Essays on the Poets. Flight of a Tartar Tribe. Me- morials.
FABER.	Foot of the Cross.
FARRELL, FR.	Lectures of a Certain Professor.
GLADSTONE.	Homer.
HAZLITT.	English Poets. Plain Speaker. Table Talk.
HELPS.	Cortez. Las Casas.
HUNT, LEIGH	Men, Women and Books.
JEBB.	Study of Homer.
JOHNSON.	Six Lives (Arnold).
LAMB.	Essays of Elia.
LANG.	Essay on Robert Burns. Ho- mer's Iliad. Letters to Dead Authors.
LOWELL.	Among My Books.
MACAULAY.	Essays.
MEYNELL, ALICE.	Essays.
MITFORD, MISS.	Our Village.
MYERS.	Classical Essays. Virgil.

NETTLESHIP.	Virgil. Essays.
NEWMAN.	Church of the Fathers. Historical Sketches.
O'MEARA.	Life of Ozanam.
PALGRAVE.	Golden Treasury.
POPE.	Essay on Criticism. Pastorals.
RUSKIN.	Two Paths of Art.
SAINTSBURY.	Primer of French Literature.
SCOTT.	Heart of Midlothian. Kenilworth.
SELLAR.	Roman Poets.
SHAKESPEARE.	Julius Cæsar. Merchant of Venice.
SHELLEY.	Adonis. Naples. The Skylark. To the West Wind.
SOUTHEY.	Nelson.
THACKERAY.	English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. Henry Esmond. Vanity Fair.
WORDSWORTH.	Complete Poems.

FIRST ACADEMIC.

Addison's Essays.
Lamb's Essays.
Pope's Essay on Criticism.
Bryant's Poems.
Gould's Good English.
Scott's Poems.
Kame's Elements of Criticism.
Richard III.
Merchant of Venice.
Aubrey de Vere.
Mahaffy's Greek Life.
Friends in Council—Helps.
Brown's Spare Hours.
Johnson's Rasselas.
Ivanhoe.
Pride and Prejudice—Austen.
David Copperfield.
Getting on in the World—Matthews.
History of Germany.
Books and Reading.

What to Read—O'Neil, O. P.
Reading and the Mind—O'Conor, S. J.
Gray's Elegy.
Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales.
Longfellow's Poems.
DeFoe's Plague of London.
Irving's Columbus, Washington.
History of the Roman Empire.
How To Write Clearly.
Among My Books.
History of Greece.
Life of Julius Cæsar.
Life of Fr. Faber.
Blunders and Forgeries.
Gulliver's Travels.
Old Greek Life.
Garcia Moreno.

BRYANT.	Thanatopsis.
CAMPBELL.	Odes.
CHURCH, A. J.	To the Lions.
COLOMA.	Tales from the Spanish.
COOPER.	Pathfinder.
CRAWFORD.	Marzio's Crucifix.

DICKENS.	David Copperfield.
GRAY.	Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Ode on Eton.
HELPS.	Cortez. Las Casas.
HERBERT.	Alexis Clerc.
LAMB.	Essays of Elia.
LIONEL JOHNSON,	Art of Thomas Hardy.
LANIER.	Gulliver's Travels.
LESSERE.	Our Lady of Lourdes.
MACAULAY.	Essay on Johnson, Chatham, Addison, Byron.
MAHAFFY.	Alexander's Empire. Old Greek Life.
NEWMAN.	Callista.
PROCTER, ADELAIDE.	Poems.
ROLLINS.	Ancient History.
SADLER.	Spanish Cavaliers.
SCOTT.	Ivanhoe. Rob Roy. Talisman.
STANLEY.	Life of Arnold.
STEVENSON.	Merry Men.
SWIFT.	Battle of the Books.

SECOND ACADEMIC.

Irving.
Longfellow.
Cowper.
Pope's Essay on Man.
How to Write Clearly.
Bacon.
Hazlitt's Essays.
Willis, Julian Home, Farrar.
Little Men, Little Women—Alcott.
Last of the Mohicans.
Jesuits of North America—Parkman.
Life of Cæsar—Liddle.
Pickwick Papers.
Among My Books.
History of Greece.
Scott's Poems.
Hiawatha.
Evangeline.
Kingsley's Greek Heroes.
Deserted Village.
Lamb's Essays of Elia,

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Church's Herodotus, Stories from English History.

Fr. Finn's Stories.

Stories—Copus, S. J.

Stories—Spalding, S. J.

Scott's Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, Talisman.

ADDISON.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

CHURCH, A. J.

Stories from English History.

Stories from the Persians.

Stories of Carthage.

COOPER.

Last of the Mohicans.

CHURCH.

Stories from Herodotus. Story

of the Last Days of Jerusa-

lem. The Burning of Rome.

CRAVEN, MRS.

A Sister's Story.

DEFOE.

Plague of London.

DICKENS.

Little Dorrit. Oliver Twist.

FARRAR.

St. Winifrid.

GOLDSMITH.

Deserted Village. Vicar of

Wakefield.

GREEN.

Short History of the English

People.

HUGHES.	Tom Brown at Oxford. Tom Brown at Rugby.
IRVING.	Life of Columbus. Sketch Book.
KNIGHT, P. J.	Alfred the Great.
LAMB.	Stories from Shakespeare.
LANIER.	The Boy's King Arthur.
SCOTT.	Life of Napoleon (Scott's or Abbott's).
STEVENSON.	Kidnapped.
SOUTHEY.	Life of Nelson.
TENNYSON.	Enoch Arden and Selections.

THIRD ACADEMIC.

Gray's Elegy.
Goldsmith's Traveller.
Hawthorne.
Civil War.
Longfellow's Hiawatha
Burn's Ode to a Mountain Daisy.
Cowper's Lines on My Mother's Picture.
The Greek Heroes—Kingsley.
Life of DeFoe.
Plague of London—DeFoe.
Help's Life of Las Casas.

Discovery of the Great West.

Walton's Angler.

Life of Alfred the Great.

History of the Roman Empire—Merivale.

ANDERSON.	Tales of Mt. St. Bernard.
BURNETT.	Little Lord Fauntleroy.
CARROLL.	Alice in Wonderland.
CHURCH.	Stories From English History. Stories from the Persians. Stories of Carthage.
CONSCIENCE.	The Lion of Flanders.
COOPER.	Red Rover. The Deer Slayer. The Last of the Mohicans.
DEFOE.	Robinson Crusoe.
DICKENS.	Christmas Stories.
FARRAR.	Eric.
FR. KNIGHT, S. J.	Life of Columbus.
HAWTHORNE.	Tanglewood Tales. The House of Seven Gables. Twice Told Tales.
HENTY.	With Clive in India.
HUGHES.	Tom Brown at Oxford. Tom Brown's School Days.
IRVING.	Life of Columbus. Life of Washington. Tales of a Traveler. The Sketch Book.

KEON.	Dion and the Sibyls.
KINGSLEY.	Greek Heroes. Water Babies. Madam How and Lady Why.
LANG.	Blue Fairy Book. True Story Book. Wonder Book.
LANIER.	Gulliver's Travels. The Boy's King Arthur.
LONGFELLOW.	Evangeline.
LOSSING.	Stories of the Revolution.
O'REILLY.	Martyrs of the Coliseum.
PORTER.	Scottish Chiefs. Thaddeus of Warsaw.
PRESCOTT.	Conquest of Mexico.
RUSKIN.	King of the Golden River.
SCOTT.	Lay of the Last Minstrel. Marmion.
VERNE.	The Mysterious Island. Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.
WALLACE.	Ben Hur.
WISEMAN.	Fabiola.
WYSS.	Swiss Family Robinson.
YONGE, CHARLOTTE.	Book of Golden Deeds.

FOURTH ACADEMIC.

Deserted Village.
Poe's Raven.
Irving's Rip Van Winkle.
Tennyson's Passing of Arthur.
Lamb's Stories from Shakespeare.
Life of Washington.
Green's Short History of England.
Irving's Goldsmith.
Robinson Crusoe, The Dog Crusoe.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Tom Brown at Rugby.
Stories of the Angels—Faber.
Swiss Family Robinson.
The Boy's King Arthur.
The Boy's Froissart.
Stories from Homer and Virgil.
United States History.

GENERAL BRIEFER COURSES.

FIRST YEAR.

BRYANT.	Thanatopsis. To a Waterfowl.
COOPER.	Pilot.
IRVING.	Sketch Book.
LONGFELLOW.	Courtship of Miles Standish.
LOWELL.	Vision of Sir Launfal.
SCOTT.	Invanhoe.
WHITTIER.	Tent on the Beach.

SECOND YEAR.

ARNOLD.	Sohrab and Rustum.
COLERIDGE.	Ancient Mariner.
DICKENS.	David Copperfield.
ELIOT, GEORGE.	Silas Marner.
HAWTHORNE.	Twice Told Tales.
SCOTT.	Lady of the Lake.
SHAKESPEARE.	Julius Cæsar.
TENNYSON.	Enoch Arden.
WEBSTER.	First Bunker Hill Oration.

THIRD YEAR.

ADDISON.	Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
BUNYAN.	Pilgrim's Progress.
EMERSON.	American Scholar.
GOLDSMITH.	Deserted Village.
GRAY.	Elegy in a Country Churchyard.
MACAULAY.	Essays on Milton and Addison.
POPE.	Essay on Criticism.
RUSKIN.	Sesame and Lilies.
SCOTT.	Kenilworth.
SHAKESPEARE.	Merchant of Venice. As You Like It.
THACKERAY.	Henry Esmond.

LITERATURE FROM THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

ADDISON, JOSEPH.	Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
BACON, FRANCIS.	Essays.
BROWNING.	Pipa Passes.
BUNYON, JOHN.	Pilgrim's Progress.
BURNS, ROBERT.	Cotter's Saturday Night.

BYRON.	Childe Harold. Prisoner of Chillon.
CARLYLE.	Heroes and Hero Worship.
COLERIDGE.	Ancient Mariner.
DEFOE, DANIEL.	Robinson Crusoe. Plague in London.
DICKENS.	Best Works.
DRYDEN, JOHN.	Ode on St. Caecelia's Day.
ELIOT, GEORGE.	Silas Marner.
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.	Vicar of Wakefield. Deserted Village.
MACAULAY.	
JOHNSON, SAMUEL.	Biography, Rasselas.
MILTON, JOHN.	Paradise Lost.
POPE, ALEXANDER.	Essay on Man. Dunciad.
RUSKIN.	Sesame and Lilies.
SCOTT, WALTER.	Lady of the Lake.
SHAKESPEARE.	Julius Cæsar. Hamlet. Tempest.
SWIFT, DEAN.	Gulliver's Travels.
TENNYSON.	Idyls of the King.
THACKERAY.	Best Works.
WORDSWORTH, W.	Intimations of Immortality. Tintern Abbey.

LITERATURE XIX. CENTURY.

EMERSON, RALPH W.	Concord Hymn.
FINCH, FRANCIS M.	Nathan Hale.
HALLECK, FITZ-GREEN. M.	Bozzaris
HOLMES, OLIVER W.	Old Ironsides. Union and Liberty.
HOPKINSON, JOSEPH.	Hail Columbia, Happy Land.
HOWE, JULIA W.	Battle-hymn of the Republic.
KEY, FRANCIS S.	Star Spangled Banner.
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.	Address at Gettysburg.
LOWELL, JAMES R.	Present Crisis.
MOORE, CLEMENT.	St. Nicholas.
MORRIS, GEORGE P.	Woodman Spare That Tree.
PAYNE, JOHN	Home, Sweet Home.
PIERPONT, JOHN.	Warren's Address.
READ, THOMAS.	Sheridan's Ride.
SMITH, SAMUEL F.	America.
WORDSWORTH, S.	Old Oaken Bucket.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

(Lives and Principal Works)

William H. Prescott.
George Bancroft.
Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Edgar Allen Poe.
Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Bayard Taylor.
B. J. Lossing.
John Lathrop Motley.
Francis Parkman.
Louisa M. Alcott.
Jonah Gilbert Holland.
William Dean Howells.
Daniel Webster.
Washington Irving.
James Fenimore Cooper.
William Cullen Bryant.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
John Greenleaf Whittier.
James Russell Lowell.

ENGLISH SELECTIONS.

ADDISON.	Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
BACON.	Essays on Studies, Truth, Travel, Riches, Envy, Bold- ness.
BUNYAN.	Pilgrim's Progress.
BURNS.	Cotter's Saturday Night.
BYRON.	Prisoner of Chillon.
CARLYLE.	Essay on Burns.
CHAUCER.	Prologue to Canterbury Tales.
DICKENS.	Tale of Two Cities.
DRYDEN.	Alexander's Feast.
ELIOT, GEORGE.	Romola.
GOLDSMITH.	Deserted Village.
GRAY.	Elegy in a Country Churchyard.
MILTON.	Cosmos. L'Allegro. Il Pen- seroso.
POPE.	Essay on Criticism.
RUSKIN.	Sesame and Lilies.
SCOTT.	Kenilworth.
SHAKESPEARE.	Tempest.
SPENSER.	Færie Queene. Cantos I. and II.
TENNYSON.	Enoch Arden.
THACKERAY.	Henry Esmond.
WORDSWORTH.	Intimations of Immortality.

ENGLISH PROSE.

BURKE.	Thoughts on Present Discontent. On Conciliation with America.
CARLYLE.	Sartor Resartus.
DEQUINCEY.	Opium Eater.
DICKENS.	Dombey and Son.
GIBBON.	Autobiography.
JOHNSON.	Rasselas.
LOCKE.	On the Conduct of the Understanding.
MACAULAY.	Essay on Bacon.
MILTON.	Areopagitica
SCOTT.	Rob Roy.
SWIFT.	Gulliver's Travels.
THACKERAY.	The Newcomes.

ENGLISH POETRY.

BROWNING.	Pipa Passes. Blot. on the Scutcheon.
BYRON.	Corsair.
CHAUCER.	Knight's Tale.
COLERIDGE.	Christabel.

COWPER.	Lark.
DRYDEN.	Hind and Panther.
GRAY.	Progress of Poesy. Bard.
JONSON.	Every Man In His Humor.
KEATS.	Endymion. On a Grecian Urn.
MARLOWE.	Doctor Faustus.
MILTON.	Samson Agonistes.
POPE.	Rape of the Lock.
SCOTT.	Lay of the Last Minstrel.
SHAKESPEARE.	King Lear. As You Like It. Richard III.
SHELLEY.	Prometheus Unbound. Cloud. To a Skylark.
SHERIDAN.	Rivals.
SPENSER.	Epithalamium.
TENNYSON.	In Memoriam.
THOMSON.	Castle of Indolence.
WORDSWORTH.	Excursion.

AMERICAN SELECTIONS.

BRYANT.	Thanatopsis.
COOPER.	Last of the Mohicans.
CURTIS.	Prue and I.
EMERSON.	American Scholar. To the Bumble-bee.

FRANKLIN.	Autobiography.
HAWTHORNE.	Marble Fawn.
HOLMES.	Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
IRVING.	Rip Van Winkle. Legend of Sleepy Hollow.
LONGFELLOW.	Evangeline.
LOWELL.	Commemoration Ode. Vision of Sir Launfal.
MITCHELL.	Reveries of a Bachelor.
PRESCOTT.	Conquest of Peru, Vol. I.
WARNER.	Backlog Studies.
WHITTIER.	Snow-Bound.

CLASSIFIED READING.

POETRY.

EPIC—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Milton.

LYRIC—Anacreon, Alcæus, Pindar, Sappho, Horace,
Burns, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Ten-
nyson, Longfellow.

DRAMATIC—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Corneille,
Racine, Calderon, Goethe, Shakespeare.

THE GREAT EPICS.

THE ILIAD—Homer.

THE ÆNEID—Virgil.

THE INFERNO—Dante and Virgil.

THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED—Heinrich Von Ofterdingen

JERUSALEM DELIVERED—Tasso.

PARADISE LOST—Milton

LYRIC POETRY.

GENERAL—Alcæus, Anacreon, Pindar, Horace, The Troubadours.

ENGLISH LYRICS—Burns, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Longfellow.

THE SONG—Wordsworth, Tennyson.

THE ODE—Wordsworth, Milton.

THE ELEGY—Gray, Scott, Tennyson, David.

THE DRAMA—TRAGEDY.

EARLY DRAMA—Aristotle's Idea. Newman's Theory.

GREEK TRAGEDY—Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides.

SPANISH TRAGEDY—Calderon, Lope de Vega.

GERMAN TRAGEDY—Goethe, Schiller.

FRENCH TRAGEDY—Racine, Corneille.

ENGLISH TRAGEDY—Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Webster, Massinger, Ford, Middleton, Heywood, Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare, Bulwer-Lytton.

THE DRAMA—COMEDY.

GREEK COMEDY—Aristophanes.

LATIN COMEDY—Plautus, Terence.

FRENCH COMEDY—Molière, L'Avare.

ENGLISH COMEDY—Jonson, Goldsmith, Congreve, Sheridan, Shakespeare.

THE SATIRISTS.

ROMAN—Horace, Juvenal, Persius.

FRENCH—Boileau, Molière.

ENGLISH—Pope, Dryden, Butler, Swift, Junius.

MINOR BRITISH POETS.

Thompson, Shenstone, Akenside, Cowper, Beattie, Bruce, Henry Kirke White, Rogers, Coleridge, Campbell, Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Croly, Wolfe, Crabbe, Chapman, Cowley, Gray, Goldsmith, Proctor, Gay, Arnold, Austin, Browning, Johnson, Dobson, Southey, Southwell, Crashaw, Herrick, Rogers, Collins, Pusey, Keble, Newman, Aubrey de Vere, Jean Ingelow, W. Morris, Shelton, Landor, Ramsay, Watts.

AMERICAN POETS.

Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Freneau, Mumford, Clifton, Alston, Pierpont, Dana, Hillhouse, Sprague, Percival, Halleck, Drake, Hoffman, Boker, Whittier, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Epes Sargent, F. S. Key, Judge Hopkinson, Doane, Saxe, Stoddard, Willis, Holmes, Lowell.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO PROSE LITERATURE.

Bacon, Milton, Swift, Addison, Johnson, Burke, Lamb,
Macaulay, De Quincey, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin,
Newman, De Foe, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Hazlitt,
Crawford, Malory, Austen, Scott, Cooper, Marryatt,
Lytton, Bronte, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Stowe,
Craik, Eliot, Blackmore, Cervantes, Wallace,
Maclaren, Wiseman, Hope.

THE ESSAYISTS.

Bacon, Addison, Johnson, Steele, Swift, Macaulay,
De Quincey, Carlyle, Burke, Lamb, Irving, Arnold,
Emerson, Wiseman, Manning, Newman, Browning,
De Vere.

THE LETTER WRITERS.

Cicero, Cæsar, Pliny, Horace, Junius, Addison, Swift,
Johnson, Cowper, Coleridge, Ruskin, Newman,
Manning, Arnold, St. Ignatius, St. Francis de Sales,
Carlyle, Eugenie De Guerin, Maurice De Guerin,
Lacordaire, De Ravingnan.

THE HUMORISTS.

Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Samuel Lover, Josh Billings, James Russell Lowell, Bret Harte, Thomas Hood, Charles Lamb, Washington Irving, J. Finley Dunne, "Mr. Dooley".

THE HISTORIANS.

Cantu, Bossuet, Ridpath, Creasy, Rawlinson, Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, Grote, Niebuhr, Lingard, Hallam, Guizot, Bancroft, Prescott, Merivale, Mahaffey, Blackie.

FICTION—HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Scott, Wallace, Wiseman, Newman, Lytton, Keon, Louisa Muhlbach, Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, Blackmore, Reade, Conan Doyle, Kingsley, Ebers, Emily Porter.

FICTION—THE PSYCHICAL AND RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

Mr. Isaacs—Marion Crawford.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Stevenson.

The Witch of Prague—Crawford.

Called Back—Hugh Conway.

Pride and Prejudice—Jane Austen.

Maria Edgeworth—Belinda, Lenora.

Vanity Fair—Thackeray.

Jane Eyre—Charlotte Bronte.

Pilgrim's Progress—John Bunyan.

Vicar of Wakefield—Goldsmith.

John Ward, Preacher—M. Deland.

True History of Joshua Davidson—Eliza Linton.

Strange Story—Lytton.

Karma—A. P. Sinnet.

Fleurange, Story of the Soul—Mme. M. A. Craven.

Ben Hur—Wallace.

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